The New REPUBLIC

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The Price of "Moscow Gold" . *J. B. S. Hardman*
Reframing Warren Billings . Miriam de Ford
The Future of Zion . . . . . *Harold Loeb*
Is the Industrial Cupboard Bare? . . *Editorial*
The Fergusons and Democracy . *Stark Young*
Abraham Lincoln Talks . . *Raymond Holden*
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The Week

A PITIFUL note is being sounded these days by Republican politicians. The Democratic publicity organization, it seems, has been slandering our good and wise President, thus undermining the dignity of the office. We have no doubt that Mr. Hoover deserves commiseration on the hostility of the Democrats, but we doubt whether such appeals for sympathy will get very far with the public in its present state of hard-headed cynicism. Any Republican President would be unfortunate to run into so deep and long continued a depression, but it is a little difficult to weep over the sorrows of a long suffering man in the White House patiently doing his best to alleviate distress for which he is not responsible, in view of the claims which Republican politicians have always made to being the guardian angels of prosperity. And somehow we cannot forget Hoover's part in the Smoot-Hawley bill, his cocksureness that his brand of agricultural relief, in contradistinction to all others, would really relieve, and his opposition to all effective forms of unemployment compensation, based on the mistaken opinion that unemployment in this country could not be serious for long. Is patience the right word? What about stupidity or stubbornness?

MORE evidence of the world-wide character of the existing depression comes in the form of news of political unrest in Argentina and Brazil, the largest South American nations, following close on the heels of the Peruvian revolution. It is true that opposition to the government in both these countries is of long standing, but what gives it force at present is the condition of low prices, overproduction and unemployment which has not only hit industry but is particularly burdensome to agriculture. Many of the principal products of these countries are among those the wholesale prices of which have been falling precipitately on world markets, and excess stocks of which have to be worked off before revival can come. The coffee valorization scheme in Brazil, we all remember, came to grief as long ago as last spring, when coffee appeared in our grocery stores at the lowest prices seen since before the War. Wheat, wool, hides and other commodities from these nations have also suffered. Governments everywhere are being hard pressed to do something they can't do to relieve the depression phase of the business cycle. This fact ought to make them more wary about claiming credit for the prosperity phase. But probably it won't.

AS MR. H. N. Brailsford predicted in his article, "Free Trade Ebbs in England," published in the August 13 issue of The New Republic, the conservative majority of British bankers have reaffirmed their belief in world-wide free trade, in order to offset the effect of a previous statement by some bankers in favor of a British imperial tariff policy. The new manifesto, with 116 signatures, includes industrialists and Liberal political leaders like Lord Grey of Fallodon, as well as names connected with all the principal banks and financial houses. It is issued at the right moment to affect the discussion at the coming Imperial Conference. The significant fact remains that for the first time there is an appreciable split in banking opinion on this question, whereas previously nearly all influential forces were on the free-trade side. Practical opposition to imperial preference will come from the dominions, as the new statement says, but not because they favor free trade. On the contrary, they are turning toward nationalistic policies of pro-

tection which they wish to apply against Great Britain. If a word is appropriate from the United States at this time, we should humbly suggest that anyone who wants to imitate the American protective policy in the hope of gaining prosperity would do well to look at our recent figures of production, exports, unemployment and diminished public revenue.

JAILS are not normally regarded as particularly attractive places in which to live. In this, the Second Year of the Abolition of Poverty—to quote Mr. Elmer Davis—jails, at least in St. Louis, are, according to a recent dispatch, growing in favor as domiciles. John Visley smashed a show window, so he told the judge, in order to get into jail to keep from starving; Sam Crater, a Negro, got into jail by stealing a ham bone. Thanking the judge, he said, "Now I am sure of something to eat for the months to come." Said Mary Cello, charged with making whiskey, "Judge, I would be willing to eat my meals in jail for the balance of my life if I were sure that my children would be taken care of." Louis Mercer refused to leave jail at the end of his three months' term for stealing a duck, "Because," he said, "I have no home, no money, no friends, and I know I cannot find a job." Henry Burks, a life-termer Negro, recently paroled from the Missouri penitentiary, has made application to go back to three squares and a roof over his head. He found, he says, one hundred men for every prospective job, many of whom had been several days without food. Jail looks better to Henry. It so happens that these data have been collected only in St. Louis. There is little reason to suppose that case studies in other great cities would yield unsimilar results.

GOVERNOR Roosevelt's announcement that he will favor a plan for state insurance against unemployment gives hope that perhaps this measure will be tried in at least one of the states. The fact that almost at the same time President Green of the A. F. of L. endorsed Roosevelt for his progressive policies, while the state Federation of Labor passed a resolution in favor of unemployment insurance, indicates that at last the regular trade-union movement is coming around to this plan, so long denounced by some of its leaders as foreign and unsuitable to our people, the chosen of the Jehovah of prosperity. Indeed, there seems to be no other refuge for those who really care about the unemployment problem. It can no longer be denied that we, like other nations, are sorely afflicted. The absence of any governmental method of relieving the unemployed has not prevented the arrival of a depression as severe here as elsewhere. If "the dole" prevents workers who receive it from hustling for a job, no amount of hustling which may result from absence of the dole in this country seems to reduce the number of unemployed for months on end. We shall have to think of a better method to avoid unemployment crises than refusing to feed the jobless, before we shall have escaped the obligation and necessity of insuring them against the risk of the job inherent in our economic order.

NEW YORK City, with two investigations of its judiciary going on, is already morally convinced that candidates for magistrate and even for higher courts have been buying their nominations from Tammany at a regular rate for each position. How far this practice has gone may never be known, but it cannot be said that investigations are now in the hands of those friendly to the Democratic machine. The Republican Attorney General, Hamilton Ward, who is a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, was given charge of the case of Magistrate Ewald, after District Attorney Crain of the local government failed to obtain his indictment by the grand jury. Mr. Ward may also prosecute those suspected of bribing or bribe-taking in other cases, if he can dig up the evidence. The Appellate Division of the state supreme court, to which Governor Roosevelt turned over the duty of a general investigation of magistrates, has appointed former Justice Samuel Seabury, a bitter foe of Tammany, to undertake this work. Mr. Seabury's inquiry will have wider scope than Mr. Ward's, since the Appellate Division has the power to remove magistrates from the bench, and he can look into their conduct of office as well as the means employed by them to obtain it. In the face of the revelations of this type of corruption and others equally serious, Mayor Walker has cut a pitiful figure in appealing for information from citizens about petty graft among city employees. The "new Tammany" is now a vanished myth, as far as city government goes; the machine has stubbornly refused to follow the advice of its wiser friends, and seems about to reap the penalty.

IN ONE of the two-hundred-word oracles which the Seer of Northampton, Massachusetts, promulgates daily for the greater benefit of mankind, there recently appeared a few strictures on the value and virtue of revolutions. The Seer, who evidently got very hot under the collar upon reading the news that President Leguia had been bounced out of his office in Peru, announced that because revolutions often are accompanied "by a confiscation of private property . . . our people regard them with so much suspicion. They do not consider them as productive of genuine reform." This solemn thought makes us wonder if the Bay State sibyl isn't just talking through his hat. For if, as a true American, he does not believe that revolutions are "productive of genuine reform," what can he think of our American Revolution? Does he believe that our forefathers made a dreadful mistake in 1776? And does he believe that we should rectify this mistake by returning like a prodigal son to the fold of Great Britain's dominions? It seems to us that Mr. Coolidge should be a little

more careful in his writings, particularly when he begins casting asparagus at revolutions. Before he knows it he will have the D. A. R. down on him.

IT HAS long been clear that a struggle is impending in the United States over the economic basis of the practice of medicine. To the average family, a serious illness is a financial catastrophe from which it may recover only after years, or not at all. At the same time many doctors do not receive the large incomes which might be supposed to go with their fees, because of the high cost of maintaining individual offices. In several European countries this situation has been met by a greater or less degree of state intervention; in the United States it presumably must be solved, for the present at any rate, by private organizations which will provide adequate medical care on a business basis at much less cost than at present. One of the interesting experiments along this line is that of the "medical guilds" which are now springing up in various parts of the country. In these, a group of doctors, sometimes with the aid of lay business men, pool their services. The new patient is examined by a competent diagnostician and then referred to the member of the group who is best qualified to deal with the conditions which have been revealed. In its most satisfactory form, the guild operates on a fixed annual fee. The head of a household pays a lump sum, depending on the number of persons in the family, and for this each member receives a careful physical examination once a year, plus whatever special attention he needs from time to time, including operations and hospitalization. The advantages of such a system over the present hit-or-miss state of affairs is obvious. The important question is whether the medical profession, which in America is so deeply conservative and has fought so hard against any hint of "socialized medicine," will prove sufficiently adaptable to welcome the entrance of what really amounts to insurance principles into the business aspect of their work.

Is the Industrial Cupboard Bare?

NO PSYCHOLOGICAL phenomenon is more characteristic of our periodic plunges into depression than the belief that consumption will soon absorb accumulated stocks and leave the industrial cupboard bare. Students of the business cycle look forward to this end with enthusiasm, on the ground that when merchants' shelves and manufacturers' stockrooms are empty, production must be called upon for new goods. The call for new goods is in turn a call for more employment and a demand for more materials to make the new goods. The call for new materials is in turn a call for other materials still nearer the ultimate sources of production and for still more workmen. With wages again in their pockets, workmen expand their purchases, increasing the demand for goods. The process thus constantly reënforces itself until industry passes from bad times into good times; through good times and into boom times. How soon shall we now have to replenish the cupboard?

The collapse of industrial activity which followed on the heels of the stock-market break of last November produced the usual interest in the question of stocks on hand. The extent of inventories carried by merchants and the supplies of finished goods and raw materials held by manufacturers was, as usual, seized upon as a vital factor in forecasting the length and severity of the depression and the moment of revival. But analysts and forecasters almost universally declared that there was in this case a new and happy feature not usually to be found in the industrial picture at the beginning of a decline. This was the smallness of inventories as a result of hand-to-mouth buying. Consequently, it was held, the usual slow and painful process of liquidating stocks would be avoided or at least greatly shortened in the present depression—indeed, industry might expect that the scarcity of supplies would bring a rebirth of moderately good times in comparatively few weeks. One leading financial journal said editorially, in the autumn as the decline became apparent: "As compared with other years, particularly 1921, there is no large and unwieldly inventory situation at present. . . . So far as can be learned in authoritative quarters, there is no substantial surplus of finished materials which might have to be sacrificed."

The hope of quick recovery as a result of supposed low inventories has been disappointed through the months that have followed. Although business optimists have frequently repeated the notion that stocks were low and expressed the belief that they must be lower than before, recent comment finds no certainty that we have yet scraped the bottom of the inventory barrel. Indeed, at times emphasis seems to have shifted from certainty to desire. In the same financial journal which prophesied so optimistically in the fall of 1929, there appeared in August, 1930: "A business authority states that although there is little reason for optimism at the moment, the fact remains that many corporations must replenish their supplies for fall and winter trade requirements. When more confidence in the business outlook develops, some of the manufacturers will take steps to replenish their stocks."

A comparison of such statements with those prevailing six or eight months ago suggests that the comments of business writers were and are the expressions of pious hope rather than of detailed knowledge about the inventory condition of industry. Can nothing more explicit be said about the stocks of American business? A good deal of light on the practices preceding the depression might have been found by consulting the study made for the Institute of Economics by Leverett

S. Lyon, and published in 1929 with the title "Hand-to-Mouth Buying."

First of all it may be said that recent prosperity has not been a period of inventory speculation as compared to the prosperity of the War boom and after. The action of the price level from 1924 to 1930 gave business little temptation to expand stocks unduly. Indeed, the problem was usually one of carrying on with declining prices.

Furthermore, there is no doubt that in many industries the expansion from 1921 through 1929 was accompanied by the introduction of engineering purchasing practices which did make the inventory situation at the break in 1929 very different from that which existed in 1921. Hand-to-mouth buying, though much less universal than commonly believed, was not a myth, nor was it limited by any means to those years when business was declining rather than expanding. Moreover, the hand-to-mouth buying of the past ten years was more than cautious buying. Cautious buying is old. It was almost continuous in certain industries in the long period of price decline from the Civil War to 1900. The phrase hand-to-mouth buying was used in 1868 in the dry-goods trade and is at least fifty years old in the shoe industry. During the last decade, however, hand-to-mouth buying has been cautious buying, supplemented by an improved internal accounting control of industry which has in many cases made a knowledge of requirements more certain and the adaptation of stocks to requirements much more close than in earlier periods. A quickened manufacturing technique and a vastly improved freight service have also aided signally in a closer knitting of processes between one business unit and another and in keeping stocks in line with needs.

Common as were the engineering techniques related to hand-to-mouth buying, they by no means pervaded all businesses with equal effect. A study of the relationship of stocks and inventories to volume of business in a wide range of industries over a long period of years prior to 1930 shows that while the burden of stocks declined in many lines, there were certain ones for which it was constantly increasing. Outstanding among the latter was the building industry. In each of a number of important building products, stocks gained on consumption during the recent period of prosperity.

Even though some business concerns have learned to keep inventories much closer to needs than in the past, actual inventory increases have in many lines been very great. They have increased greatly because needs have increased greatly. A low inventory for a ten-million sales volume is a higher actual inventory than a high inventory for sales of five millions. Specifically, the inventory of a few well known companies compared as follows: Sears, Roebuck and Company, 43 million dollars at the end of 1919, 78 millions at the end of 1929; Montgomery, Ward and Company, 28 millions at the end of 1919, 67 millions at the end of 1929; the International Shoe Company, 13 millions at the close of business, 1919, 29 millions on the same date in 1929; General Motors Corporation, 129 millions at the end of 1919, 188 millions at the end of 1929; The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, 24 millions at the end of 1919, 69 millions at the end of 1929; United States Steel Corporation, 227 millions at the end of 1919, 289 millions at the end of 1929; Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, 36 millions at the end of 1919, 66 millions at the end of 1929.

Stocks in a wide range of industries, instead of being reduced in the early months of the depression, actually increased. Severe as was the cutting down of production by discharges, lay-offs, shorter weeks and extended vacations, sales fell off even more rapidly in a great range of businesses. A report recently published by a leading statistical organization, based on data from a large number of corporations, shows that when the inventories at the end of 1929 are compared with those at the beginning of the year, office equipment was higher by 13 percent, copper by 15 percent, retail stocks by 16 percent, iron and steel by 18 percent, agricultural machinery by 22 percent, oil by 22 percent, electrical equipment by 27 percent, foods by 30 percent, railroad equipment by 35 percent, household products and supplies by more than 40 percent.

In the later struggle to reduce inventories, industries have made varied progress. In certain lines inventories were actually higher at the end of June or May than they were in January. This was true of portland cement, walnut lumber, enameled-ware bathtubs (a reasonably good index of building activity), newsprint paper, gasoline, automobile tires, steel sheets, cast-iron boilers, knit underwear, hosiery and cotton yarn.

If we make the comparison not in terms of actual inventory but in terms of inventories in relation to sales, it appears that in some cases we are even less far from empty shelves, though in others the situation is better. Sales have gained on inventories in portland cement, gasoline and pneumatic tires; have held their own in newsprint paper, walnut lumber and enameled-ware bathtubs; inventory has gained on sales in knit underwear, hosiery, cotton yarn, probably in cotton-textile goods, and in copper wire cloth.

Much has appeared in the press about the rapidity with which the automobile industry was "putting its house in order." While statements from some of the leading companies probably justify the conclusion that production has at least for certain months been kept below sales, figures published in The Survey of Current Business show that for the automobile industry as a whole passenger-car production has exceeded new registrations in each month of 1930. Beginning with March, however, the excess of production over registration has been steadily less. The Annalist for August 22 announces that "the leading manufacturer of auto-

mobiles [obviously Ford] will cut down operations from the present four days a week to three days; while another large producer [evidently Chevrolet] is reducing output."

One more point needs to be made. Many observers classify our latest expansion period as one based on radio, automobiles and home construction. While leading automobile companies have made and are making strenuous efforts to keep stocks down, and while the Radio Corporation has announced (without figures) that liquidation has been completed, the stocks of these goods in consumers' hands—thanks in part to instalment buying—are still very large. Automobiles and radios do not require replacement in the same sense as do shoes and canned goods, and necessity even for these is not a definite term. The period of consumption for a house is even more elastic than that for an automobile. How long it will be before consumers will decide that their instalment-financed "inventories" of this character have been "used up" is a question that cannot be answered.

A White Man's Court

THE CITY of Atlanta, which, since its race riot of 1906, has succeeded in maintaining peaceful and reasonably satisfactory relations between Negroes and whites, has once more been stirred with threats of disorder and bloodshed between the races. This time, however, the strategy of the responsible citizens and officials has been far-seeing, and the city has won a victory for justice that serves as material encouragement to all who are interested in the problems of the Negro.

The cause of the tension was the trial of the first of seven white men charged jointly with the murder of Dennis Hubert, a Negro student of Morehouse College, whom they in turn had accused of insulting a white woman. The trial lasted for almost a week in a crowded but orderly courtroom, with suspense steadily increasing. Rumors of actual disorder were heard, and even more dangerous rumors of threatened disorder. The excitement, aggravated perhaps by the unemployment situation, was rendered only the more perceptible by the relative silence of the principal Atlanta newspapers, which already have one race riot to answer for and were, perhaps, fearful of causing another. When the jury rendered its verdict of manslaughter and the defendant, T. L. Martin, was sentenced to a term of from twelve to fifteen years, the whole city experienced a sense of relief.

In the trial, over which Judge R. Earl Camp presided to the satisfaction of whites and blacks alike, and in which ex-Congressman William Schley Howard served as special counsel for the prosecution, it was demonstrated that Hubert was entirely innocent of the offense with which he had been charged, and the contrast between the characters of the boy and his murderers was sharply emphasized. Hubert was shown to be a youth of the highest reputation and a member of one of the leading Negro families of the South, while it was established that several of the murderers had criminal records and that the character of the woman whose insulted dignity they were supposed to have been so heroically avenging was not above impeachment. The question raised in the trial was simply whether or not a group of irresponsible and criminal white men were privileged to kill an innocent Negro of the highest type and go unpunished.

When a jury of twelve white men in a white man's court brought in a verdict of guilty, they quite courageously answered this question. That the issue could have been in doubt at all, however, is an interesting commentary on the general status of racial justice. In this connection, a rather more searching question was asked by Benjamin F. Hubert, Dennis Hubert's uncle, the president of the Georgia State College for Negroes, in a letter made public before the trial: "How can a Negro honestly remain and advise others to remain here in the South unless we are to receive some semblance of justice? If the right-thinking white people will not see that the law is enforced and our law does not protect us, it would seem that the only thing for Negroes to do is to find some place where protection is afforded, even if opportunities there are not quite so good." As if in answer to this question Judge Camp spoke out plainly: "I will insist upon full justice being done to members of both races. It is only the degenerate type of citizens that will promote racial prejudice. There are degenerate Negroes and degenerate whites, but we are determined that they shall not interfere with the orderly processes of our courts."

Behind the Wailing Wall

NO SINS of commission are charged against the British government by the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, which has finally issued its report on the riots and massacres that caused two hundred deaths in Palestine. On the other hand, the Commission believes that Great Britain, as the Mandatory Power, was guilty of inadequacy and inaction. It holds that "the insufficient number of British troops and the inadequacy of the police force" were "largely responsible for the loss of many lives." It holds, moreover, that "the partial inaction of the Mandatory Power regarding its obligations to the Palestinian population, both Arab and Jewish, is the fundamental cause of the friction which eventually culminated in the serious disorders of last August." Great Britain, in other words, might have prevented the riots by adopting a more positive policy; and, had they broken out in spite of all her efforts, she might have prevented them from causing much damage.

The British Foreign Office has replied to these charges sharply, almost peevishly. It observes that

the Mandates Commission had always approved of British policy in the past. It asserts that the government could not have foreseen or prevented the riots in Palestine because they were unpremeditated. It holds, in terms not entirely consistent with the Balfour Declaration, that Great Britain is not obliged by the mandate to establish a Jewish National Home in Palestine: this, it says, "is the function of the Jews themselves directed by Jewish agents." It complains, moreover, that charges against Jews and Arabs have been omitted from the report, and that "the Mandatory Power has been made to appear as the only one of the parties concerned deserving criticism." The massacres were an accident, and anyhow Great Britain wasn't to blame.

If the aim of this British answer had been merely to confuse public opinion, it might be called entirely successful. Both the report of the Mandates Commission and the rejoinder by the British Foreign Office were issued on the same day. Extracts from both were printed in the American newspapers, which, in their eagerness to offend nobody, gave equal space to the conflicting arguments. A paragraph from the report would be followed by a paragraph from the rejoinder, which in turn would be followed by a paragraph from the report, with the result that neither side was stated clearly. The uninformed reader, left to choose between them, was apt to dismiss them both.

As a matter of fact, the two documents are not of equal weight. The British rejoinder is a series of arguments effective under the circumstances, but offering no fresh approach to the problem of Palestine. The report of the Mandates Commission, on the other hand, is based on its own careful researches into a situation which is in itself an indictment of British policy.

Judged by present results, the British mandate over Palestine is at least two-thirds a failure. For in accepting the mandate, Great Britain also accepted three difficult responsibilities: first, "for placing the country under such administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home;" second, for "the development of self-governing institutions"; third, "for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all inhabitants irrespective of race and religion." Only the third aim has been in large part achieved. The first two aims conflict, one being the ideal of the Jewish and the other of the Arab population. After eleven years of mandate rule, neither of them has been attained. Palestine has developed neither self-governing institutions nor the administrative and economic conditions necessary for the success of Zionism. In fact, says the Mandates Commission, "the government of Palestine has shown itself unable to provide the essential condition . . . security for persons and property."

The Commission might well have added that, a year after the massacres in Palestine, the situation remains as ominous as ever. There is, it is true, no immediate danger of serious outbreaks: the British troops and the Palestine police have been strengthened; there is a not unjustified censorship over the press. But the underlying conflict is as sharp as ever, and police measures can merely delay the explosion of violence that seems inevitable. This being the case, the argument over the respective responsibility of Jew, Briton and Arab for the riots in front of the Wailing Wall is historical and almost academic. The important thing today is to know what lay behind the Wailing Wall and to plan a new policy based on this knowledge.

Can the first aim of the mandate still be achieved? Can the Jewish National Home be established in spite of an Arab antagonism which has not decreased in vigor since last year's massacres? The Arab leaders are now demanding that Jewish immigration be absolutely forbidden, that an independent government be formed immediately as part of a coalition of Arab states, and that Arabic be made the sole official language of the country. Is there any way in which they can be induced to accept the different aims of the Zionists?

The Mandates Commission, in the most important section of its report, suggests a way of pacifying the country by removing some basic causes of the friction between two races. It suggests that the Mandatory Power should deal constructively with the economic and social problems of Palestine. It suggests a new agricultural program, "including not only public works to develop cultivable area, but the organization of agricultural credit, land credit, coöperative societies and an educational campaign." Such a policy would go far toward solving the present immigration problem, by developing the capacity of the country to receive and absorb immigrants in larger numbers. It would raise the Arabs to the economic level of the Jewish settlers, and perhaps would convince them ultimately that they can benefit by Jewish colonization. And finally, says the Mandates Commission, such a policy would help "to bring about a fusion of interests, which is the best possible means of developing a sense of solidarity and blunting the edge of antagonism." Here, if anywhere, lies the hope of preventing another tragedy in Palestine.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Future of Zion

THIRTEEN years have passed since the British government, by a document known as the Balfour Declaration, offered to use its "best endeavors to facilitate the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." In the interval men and money have been poured into the small arid territory which the British reduced, on second thought, to some 10,000 square miles, Trans-Jordan having been removed from the scope of the project. The Jewish population has increased to 160,000, and now comprises one-fifth of the total. Four hundred square miles, one twenty-fifth of the country's area, have been obtained by purchase, no government land having been allotted to the Jews. Hebrew has come to be generally spoken, thus enabling different kinds of Jews to talk to each other. A university, commanding a beautiful view of the Dead Sea, has been built in this land where a majority of the Jews are without proper means of support. Community life in the cities and colonies has acquired all the intensity associated with the Jewish temperament. Some thousands of refugees from Central Europe have found an environment which, in spite of its economic and physical peril, is more satisfying than the one they left. Tel-Aviv, a city of 40,000, the only Jewish municipality in the world, has been built up by American boom-town methods and has suffered and survived the economic crisis inevitable when new development work slows up. At present its modern, somewhat cubistic houses peer over fans of palm and cypress at date-box camels stalking beside the sea after each other's tails. The visitor, aware that twice during the past the West has planted its standards on this Eastern shore, wonders which civilization is destined to survive.

The Jews living in the National Home—a people nearly four times more numerous now than those who returned from Babylon in the first year of the reign of Cyrus—can be roughly divided into several categories. The 40,000 orthodox, many of whom were residing in the sacred cities of Jerusalem, Safad, Hebron and Tiberias before the War, study the Talmud and are sustained by pittances sent by the religious-minded from abroad. The 34,000 colonists, some of whom came on their own initiative, some by the aid of Baron Rothschild, others under the auspices of the Zionists, with difficulty wrest a living, or nearly a living, from the intractable soil. Only those who grow oranges do much more than support themselves. The remaining 75,000 Jews live in or near the cities of Tel-Aviv, Jerusalem and Haifa. Those known as *chalutzim,* or pioneers, labor in field and quarry, in factories and on the roads. Though the others, professional men, shopkeepers and artists, trade for the most part with one another, they manage to get along and at the same time support art, literature and a theater.

From the point of view of an American Zionist, the encouraging start of several large industrial undertakings, such as the cement works at Haifa, the Rutenberg power plants and the Dead Sea salt concession, is the most hopeful feature. On the dark side is the dependence of the larger part of the Jewish population on the financial support of the Diaspora, the diminishing rate of increase of the Jewish population, due to restricted immigration (the Arabs are now multiplying at a faster rate than the Jews), the sustained hostility of the Arabs and the reversal of British policy, which accepted the mandate in order to facilitate Jewish efforts and continues the mandate in order to safeguard the Arabs. At least such is the tenor of the recent White Paper, which accepts most of the recommendations of the Shaw Commission.

If one looks at Palestine from the point of view of a world citizen, the picture is much more cheerful. Roads have been built, swamps drained, forests planted, desert land reclaimed. The country is richer than it has been since Greco-Roman days, and it is better governed and healthier. The natives have already picked up some of the newcomers' methods, to their advantage. In no other Arab state does the Arab population, which had been stationary for centuries, increase so fast; in no other Arab state has an economic development of like proportions occurred. Land values have soared, to the disadvantage of the Jew, who must buy land, but not to that of the Arab who owns it. Taxes are based on the last sale price, which means, for the Arab, a pre-war valuation.

England possesses in Palestine the only mandated territory which pays its way. Palestine not only carries a share of the Ottoman Empire's War indemnity, but helps support a frontier military force stationed in Trans-Jordan. As more than two-fifths of the taxes are collected from the Jewish fifth of the population, Palestine's solvency works no hardship on the Arab. Yet Arab hate, instead of being dissipated, seems to grow more intense. To explain this inconsistency, a short digression is necessary.

It must be remembered that before the War, Palestine was inhabited by about 650,000 Arabs, the remnants of a greater people, mixed racially as successive invasions left their dregs, and 90,000 Jews, the majority of whom did little but study and pray. Since then, owing to British regula-

tion and Jewish sanitation—the Hadassah[1] does not distinguish between Jew and Arab—the Arab population has grown to 750,000. Despite a considerable improvement in the scale of living of the Arabs near the Jewish settlements, and with the exception of a small upper class possessing a feudal, usurious authority, the great majority of the natives still live in squalor and are as ignorant as they are poor. Into this Oriental melange one percent of the world's Jewish population has gradually bought its way, bringing with it many benefits, some few of which have been suggested above, and imposing no demonstrable hardships. In fact, only one specific hardship has been presented by Arab sympathizers, though a thorough search for grievances has frequently been made.

In several instances an Arab village has been dispossessed of its land through the sale of an absentee owner, unable to resist the lure of an excessive profit. It is claimed that certain of the less provident villagers, or *fellaheen* as they are known in Palestine, squandered the money with which the Jews compensated them for the trouble of moving, instead of obtaining other land in Palestine or better land in Trans-Jordan, where most of the ground lies fallow. Subsequently they had no means of support. Granting this to be a hardship, its occurrence has been rare. As a matter of fact, those familiar with the situation do not believe that the influx of Jews is the real cause of the hatred with which they are regarded by the Arabs.

This hatred, or pseudo-hatred, exists among the Arab gentry (the *effendi,* and the Moslem religious leaders, many of whom secretly are still offering their land to the Jews, at good prices, it must be admitted), but not among the *fellaheen.* Life presses too heavily on the latter for them to bother about anything but immediate pursuits, and their ignorance is too profound for them to entertain economic or nationalistic notions. The undernourished peasantry concerns itself with pennies, Mahmud and wives, when let alone. Waves of passion merge it into bloodthirsty, thieving mobs only when it is incited from above by the politicians who represent the *effendi.*

The *effendi* hate the Jews because the Jews are imperiling their position. There are signs that the servility of the peasants and laborers is being contaminated by the example of the Jews. The British are careful never to let this happen in lands over which they rule. The Zionists, however, cannot prevent it. Jewish labor demands a scale of living compatible with personal dignity and one that permits enough leisure for the worker to cultivate his mind. The difficulty of an adequately paid and a poorly paid laboring class existing side by side is obvious. Consequently, the Zionists cannot resist attempting to better the condition of Arab labor.

But the *effendi,* like the overlords in other countries, consider this attempt a direct thrust at their position. Nor are they wrong. A higher economic scale for labor, the annulment of the *fellaheen's* indebtedness, would mean revolution in Palestine. As a result the *effendi* fight back with the weapons at hand—religious fanaticism and romantic nationalism. Periodically they work up the superstitious villagers to fever heat by wild tales. In the summer of 1929 the report was spread that the Jews were planning to destroy the beautiful Mosque of Aqsa, which shares the Haram Area with the Mosque of the Rock. It is true that the Jews lent themselves to this sort of propaganda by persisting, for sentimental and religious reasons, in weeping against a certain wall on the outside of the Area, a wall belonging to the Arabs, but used by the Jews as a place of lamentation since the fall of Jerusalem. However, to claim that the kind of Jew who frequents the Wailing Wall has physical intentions against anything is, of course, sheer fantasy. The Arabs are not afraid of fantasy.

In August, 1929, when the leaders, having summoned an armed mob to Jerusalem, succeeded in provoking it to the murder of several Jews, word was sent up and down the land that the Jews had bombed the sacred mosque and that the government was with the Arabs. The consequent excitement culminated in many attacks of which those directed against the nonresistant orthodox Jews were successful. Even though the canard was believed by the Arabs, the tumult never became general. Many communities remained quiet. A few protected their Jewish neighbors.

However, this counter-attack of the *effendi* appears at the moment to have been successful. Jewish immigration has been suspended. The mere 2,300 permits to enter, issued by the local authorities, who are not noteworthy for prodigality, have been canceled. Evidently the British are granting to the instigators of massacre what they refused when peaceful measures were employed.

Why the British should offer to foster a return of the Jews to Palestine and then should stifle the movement, undertaken at their word, is a more complicated question. In the early days Zionists explained this odd policy by supposing that the local authorities, drawn largely from the colonial service and accustomed to governing servile races, found the attitude of the Jews antipathetic. But this theory hardly accounts for such measures as the following, to which the London office must have agreed: Free common, that is to say, state-owned, land has been distributed to Arabs only. Though the Jews have invariably supported their unemployed, Jewish immigration has been drastically limited. Taxes have been so levied that the Jews pay more than a proportionate share of them. Nothing like a fair proportion of Jews is employed in public works. Though the administration supports educational and health institutions for the Arabs, its contribution to those founded by the Jews has been negligible.

[1] The Jewish Medical Organization, supported by Jewish American women.

Imperial policy gives the most plausible clue for understanding so anomalous an interpretation of the Balfour Declaration. Palestine is a minor, recently created Arab state, surrounded by other Arab states: Trans-Jordan, Syria, Iraq and Hedjaz, two of which are under British mandates. Across the canal lies Egypt, Moslem also, and straining to break its last bond with the British Empire. Still farther off is India. The only valid excuse, outside of self-interest, which England can muster for keeping India's 300 million people in thrall, is that the Hindus and the Moslems, if the restraining influence of British control were removed, would be at each other's throats. Thus, England's Moslem Indians conserve, though indirectly, England's Indian empire.

As a consequence England is averse, at this critical moment in Indian history, to bruising the sensibilities of the Moslem world. In fact, England so desires Moslem friendship that she goes out of her way to placate Moslem opinion whenever possible. Egypt, Iraq and Trans-Jordan have been granted varying degrees of independence. Palestine, discriminated against in this regard, has up till now been refused the boon—a boon to the *effendi* if not to the *fellaheen*—only because self-government in Palestine would definitely terminate the Zionist project, at least for a time.

The Jewish people, which so hopefully accepted England's offer in 1917, finds itself baffled on all sides. Even internal problems, such as the raising of money, the fuel of their project, have become more difficult, owing to world conditions. In Palestine, not only have homes and crops been destroyed, immigration forbidden and trade harassed by boycotts, but Jewish confidence in the government, barely maintained over the years, has been definitely destroyed. Hamstrung by British Labor, which, of all parties, was thought to be most sympathetic to Zionist ideals, Jewish Palestine finds itself headed toward bankruptcy, because of political factors outside of its control. Thus it was when Egypt opposed Assyria, when Greece and Persia fought.

Should the Jews, with England's quandary in mind, make the gesture, by some called noble, of renouncing their dream?

The question has no reality. The Jews cannot renounce their dream except by racial suicide, and no people can commit suicide by an act of will.

Zionism is more than a charitable colonization scheme. Behind the actuality, which has been lightly touched upon, is the dream, perhaps the oldest dream extant, as it originated in a promise of the Lord to Abraham: "I will make of thee a great nation."

Of late the ancient dream has assumed a form at which the lusty barbarians who first dared to look beyond their moment would doubtless be astonished. For the Jews do not envisage a nationalistic state, conducting an acquisitive foreign policy, recapturing the splendor and pomp of bygone days. Rather they seek an environment where the "good life" can be created according to their genius, and concern themselves little with such externalities as sovereignty, so long as they are left free to develop their own distinctive institutions.

An ambition so broad lends itself to various interpretations. For instance, the orthodox, believing that Zion will not be realized until the millennium, merely want a place where they can observe the sacred law, the Torah, and wait in peace. At the other pole, the communists, not to be confused with Russian Communists who have adopted the Marxian slogans, see the "good life" along the lines laid down by the older prophets and Jesus of Nazareth. In their settlements—some of the newer agricultural colonies have been assigned them—they till the community-owned land, rotate work assignments and observe many of the ancient ceremonies for their esthetic and sentimental content. Between these wings lies the main body of Zionists, the Central Group, as the party is known politically, which divides into two factions. The European, led and inspired by Dr. Weizmann, has largely controlled Zionist policy since the War. It seeks the realization of the dream by sustained effort along philanthropic lines. As the Jew has thus preserved successive remnants of his race for 1,900 years, it is not unnatural that the old formula be once more tried.

The American faction, led at one time by Justice Brandeis, considers such a program too slow to be effective. Land settlement, in its opinion, must be handled otherwise in the twentieth century A. D. than in the sixth century B. C. Impressed by the achievements of big business and its servant, applied science, it desires to reëstablish the nation by methods much like those with which the Panama Canal was built. First, its spokesmen claim, spies should be sent out to discover, not the strength of the enemy but the potential resources of the land; then the men and money required to realize on these resources should be calculated; then the capital necessary for productive investment should be raised. Not until then should development begin. This faction believes such a procedure would solidly establish a nation whose culture could be fostered afterwards.

The European faction thought so ambitious a scheme visionary, and was impatient to get under way. Consequently, the system of subsidizing settlements established by Baron Rothschild was continued with modifications, special attention being paid to the humanitarian, educational, linguistic, artistic and sanitary phases—in other words, to everything considered secondary by the American wing. Last month the crisis forced the contending factions to reconsider their positions: peace was made between them. The executive, at the moment, represents both groups.

Another point of view should be mentioned to round out the picture: that of the Revisionists.

Their leader, Jabotinsky, one of the most brilliant Jews actively concerned with Zionism, relies on political rather than economic action. Since they believe a self-sufficient, homogeneous state to be an essential preliminary to all other ends, their main efforts are directed to bettering the Jews' political status and to fortifying Zion's precarious position in a hostile land. They think capital will not be attracted until security is attained. Though this point of view causes a temporary lapsing of the larger vision, and an evocation of worn-out national battle cries, thus subjecting them to the criticism of the idealists, their activities have proved of crucial benefit. If it had not been for the Haganah, the secret defense militia, inspired largely by Revisionists, the Jews of Palestine would surely, just a year ago, have suffered a massacre of appalling proportions. Wherever the Haganah were on the ground—which is the same as saying wherever there were modern Zionist Jews—the Arabs were beaten back with a loss at least equal to that of the Jews, if one excepts back-alley assassinations. Where there were no Haganah, as in the towns of Hebron and Safad, whose orthodox Jewish inhabitants were nonresistant pacifists, the Arabs slaughtered to their hearts' content. Thus, by stepping into the breach while the British were boarding trains in Egypt, the Haganah saved Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv and many of the colonies from being turned into shambles.

Many other Jews, who cannot openly uphold Zionism because they pretend to believe in the basic tenet of the assimilationist—that Judaism is but a religion like any other—manage to give a warm or lukewarm allegiance to the project by pleasant-sounding rationalizations. Humanitarianism is the most popular. Aware that the larger part of the race still endures physical and mental hardships so severe that its stamina is being drained, they see Palestine as a refuge to which the worst sufferers can escape. Thus they contribute to Zionism, as they do to the hospital for hip and joint diseases, without their chauvinistic coreligionists being able to impugn their loyalty to their adopted state. Allied to them are the Romantics who believe the position of the Jews would be improved by the possession of a National Home. Observing that the Irish and Italians in America are proud of their origin and that the Jews of their class are not, they hope that by reëstablishing the State they will alter this psychic malady. Then there are the Sentimentalists who see that other races have an indigenous language, folklore and esthetic expression, and wish the Jews to have at least as much. Of course, the Jews have an indigenous culture, in fact several, but the semi-assimilated disparage the ancient Talmudic and the nearly as ancient Cabalistic lore, as well as the Chassidic, though they are inclined to assume that the new lore arising in Palestine will command the respect of the world.

However, it is not this dream of many shapes and colors which makes it impossible for the Jew to renounce Zionism, but that which lies behind the dream—the faith.

History, despite the efforts of the materialists of the late century, remains mysterious because imponderable values have in the past, and doubtless will continue to have in the future, an influence.

From the fall of Jerusalem until the eighteenth century the Jewish people persisted in diverse lands under conditions of recurrent horror. Their occupations proscribed, their movements curtailed, even their increase forbidden, they continued to live and bear children in the shadow of massacre and to maintain an inner fortitude. One aspect not often remarked is that the Jews made the ghetto wall before the Gentiles locked the gate. The Jews conformed to a peculiar style of dress and beard; the Gentiles added a yellow badge. Such measures were directed, though perhaps the purpose was not widely realized, toward one end, their preservation as a distinctive people. And the necessity for their preservation as a distinctive people was the conviction that they, better than others, knew the desires of Jehovah. In other words, the Jews endured 1,700 years of horror for a faith—endured it of their own will, since apostasy, during the middle ages, meant not only escape but welcome.

In the eighteenth century this faith, because of its supernatural sanction, was undermined in Western countries. For a long while the ghetto walls resisted the current of the age. Gradually, however, the new skepticism penetrated even this massive barrier.

The Jews found themselves pariahs for a faith that was open to doubt. In the resulting consternation, thousands broke away from their traditional modes and threw themselves into the civilization which they had disdained for so many centuries. The stampede is called assimilation. It has not yet exhausted itself. But neither has the will of the race to live.

Gradually a new faith was born, a faith compatible with the temper of the age, a faith in themselves. No supernatural sanction upholds it, yet it is as much a faith as the old faith which asserted that Moses had listened to the voice of God. Behind the Zionistic dream is the conviction that Jews, if allowed to live in their own peculiar way, free of the oppression and poverty usual in eastern Europe, free of the pressure, equally potent, to imitate other peoples, usual in western Europe and America, would develop a civilization not only congenial to themselves, but valuable to the world.

Obviously, so long as a people, or a portion of a people, holds such a faith, talk of renouncing all attempts at its realization is nonsense. Zionism can be temporarily frustrated, Zionism can suffer calamities, but it cannot be renounced until the faith is dead and the will to live, which doubtless inspires the faith, is exhausted.

The British government, unless its edicts are misleading, is committed, at least for the time being, to retaining Zionism within present bounds.

This is tantamount to strangulation. A vital movement must go on, or slide backward. Stagnation means putrefaction. But the Jews, if the preceding analysis is valid, cannot renounce Zionism. It will be interesting to learn how they will react to the harsh sentence imposed by the Labor Government.

If one looks at the map of Asia Minor, several possibilities suggest themselves. Zionism may have too many necks for one cork to bottle it: that is to say, if the Zionists should decide, for the time being, to divert the direction of their efforts.

Palestine, as delimited by the treaties, includes only a portion of the territory formerly possessed by the ancient Jews. At one time or another the Jews overran each border. The fertile, watered, underpopulated plateau to the east not only was owned by the later kingdoms, but was occupied by two of the more powerful of the early tribes. To the northeast, that high basin, the Hauran, one of the granaries of the Roman Empire, was settled and civilized by Janneus and Herod. To the south, largely within the borders of Palestine, an empty triangular desert called the Negeb was once thickly inhabited.

Farther away to the northwest, the Euphrates and Tigris cross the desert. In Roman days, populous cities, the best known being Palmyra, grew there and prospered, although irrigation was not developed by Roman engineers to its present efficiency. Also, there is the canyon of the Jordan with the river down the middle, which might just as well drop its thousand feet along one or other of the sides, thus watering the the great, tropical, below-sea-level basin for the length of its course.

Besides these undeveloped territories are the cities and cultivated countrysides of Syria, Iraq, Anatolia and Persia, lands in which the old order is dying. Each in its own way is trying to adopt Western methods. Each has a small Jewish population. Trade, on a large scale, would reward any people who took the trouble to study the needs of these countries and find outlets for the goods they produce, or could produce. Then, too, there is the projected pipe line and railroad from Mesopotamia to Haifa. The English require a population along its route to feed and protect it. Lastly, there is the peninsula to the south, Arabia, which is pretty well closed to the Occident. Some day even the Wahabis are likely to succumb to the current of the age. For the present, however, this last Puritan stronghold may be disregarded.

Evidently, if the Zionists wish to look beyond Palestine's narrow borders, it is not the lack of territory capable of development which will turn their eyes back to the holy cities. And so far as general policy is concerned, a spreading out seems called for, even if pressure were not applied. For Zion, as at present constituted, has a great head and a tiny body. If communities of Jews with sound economic foundations could be installed in the neighboring territories, the schools, theaters, hospitals, university, newspapers and other cultural paraphernalia already existing in Palestine would have a field in which to justify their founding. In time, not only Palestinian Jews, who learn Hebrew from their mothers and have no civilization to imitate other than their own, could take advantage of these institutions; but also oriental Jews—the miserable, degraded paupers of Persia, the isolated pure-blooded merchants of Iraq, the hounded, olive-skinned craftsmen of Yemen. A vast dream! But people with a dream transcending self-interest are happier and healthier.

The next step is hard to guess in advance. Perhaps the Zionists will elect to colonize the Hauran. The P. I. C. A., Baron Rothschild's organization, already possesses some land in the district. The Druse sheiks, jealous of the riches which have accrued to their Arab neighbors in Palestine, are hospitable. Faris Bey Atrash was willing, in fact eager, to sell some of his land when I sounded him out two summers ago. Much of the land is not used at all and could be acquired at a low price. The cultivated fields are scratched with wooden plows. Even the stones are allowed to lie on the ground, as they retain, at least so the Druse believe, moisture. Frequent cultivation, known as dry farming in America, would enormously increase the yield.

Furthermore, the territory comes under the French mandate, and the French are jealous of Palestine's balanced budget. It would not be surprising if their famous cordiality led them to welcome the Jews. Syria has been a great trouble to them. Divided into several hostile factions, the country, potentially so rich, has suffered one calamity after another. Besides the growing of grain, Syria, with its seaports and its cities, its Moslems and its early Christians, offers industrial opportunities which Palestine cannot equal.

The only obstacle immediately apparent is the physical danger involved. Syria is, without question, a turbulent country. But the Jews, the latecomers at any rate, care for themselves quite well. A hundred and some odd Jews were murdered in August, 1929, a thousand and some odd Jews took their place in the following months. Warfare on the *bled* is primitive. The Arabs are not united. In time the danger would be less than in Palestine, which is preponderantly Moslem. The territory is heavily garrisoned. The air is sweet and clear. The Holy Land is but some hours distant.

Of course an investigation might discover difficulties not apparent during a cursory visit.

Whatever measures the Zionists take to extract themselves from their present impasse, there is little doubt that the movement will continue until the world can judge whether or not the new Jewish faith—faith in themselves, faith in their ability to contribute again, as Jews, something of value to the human race—is justified.

HAROLD LOEB.

The Fergusons and Democracy

IT IS OBVIOUS that practice does not always make ideals perfect. Among the rest, therefore, of our loveliest dreams, democracy will bear watching. For some years now in Texas another ideal has caused another word to be created: Fergusonism; to some it embodies diverse beauties of the people, their heart and their rights; to others it means the apex of rascality in high government places. And though the election just over decided the case for Sterling as the Democratic candidate, the next Governor, in sum, of Texas, it was by no means an easy certainty. Up to the very last the Fergusons had a good chance, and their followers were quite as confident of a majority vote as were their opponents, who won by 93,000.

The New Republic has not a reader, perhaps, who has not heard of Governor Jim Ferguson of Texas and Governor Ma Ferguson, but not everyone knows the direct annals of their progress.

The Fergusons have run every two years since 1914. In 1914 Ferguson ran on the platform of the farmer's friend, above all, the friend of the tenant farmer, and was elected. In 1916 he was nominated again, in 1917 he was impeached. In 1918 he ran to vindicate his name. In 1920 he fell out with the Democratic party, founded a new one of his own, the American party, and ran for President of the United States, not without polling some votes. In 1922 he ran for United States Senator. In 1924 he ran his wife for Governor of Texas, again to vindicate the family name, promising at the same time that she would run only once. Ma Ferguson was elected because of the Ku Klux issue, at that time very warm. In 1926 Ma Ferguson ran against Dan Moody, the Attorney General. The Fergusons offered Mr. Moody a wager: if he got one vote more than she did in the primary election, she would withdraw from the race, and vice versa. He agreed. In this primary he led by 140,000, but she refused to withdraw. He won eventually by something like a quarter of a million majority. In 1928 against Moody, Ferguson got out a straw man, but lost. And this year Mrs. Ferguson has run again, again to vindicate the name; no bad line of argument indeed, since it would take several generations of nominations to wipe the name's record clean. In fact the present platform seems to have come down to a simple matter of a little Honesty in the Governor's office.

All this, however, might remain a mere story of provincial life, passing, according to the instance, from balladry to criminology, if the Ferguson sixteen-year record did not shine in combination with his impeachment. Great capitals here and there in the world, no doubt, can boast of great political crimes, but the Fergusons' case arises in a sort of family light; every little boy in Texas knows something of this scandal, and the famous illustration of the child's confusion at the sight of his trusted father breaking the law with a bottle of gin must be nothing compared to that of seeing him vote for Ferguson.

The story of the impeachment begins with the fact that the son of a Methodist preacher began his public career with speeches against prohibition, making himself solid with the brewers, and announcing this gentle slogan: "My pocketbook is my principles." His first official act was to take $101,607.18 in cash, a certain school fund, from the banks where the former Governor had put it, at 4½ percent, and to deposit it in two banks in which he owned a large share of stock, plus another bank which was required to pay no interest, but from which Ferguson soon after became a heavy borrower. This official depositing and private borrowing became a habit of the Governor's and sometimes took the form of overdrafts, "taken care of" by the banks. During the impeachment he swore under oath "that it is wrong for a poor man to take money from someone else that does not belong to him, but that it is all right for a rich man to do so because he is worth the money he takes." Among other glaring incidents, it was confessed on both sides that he "borrowed" $150,000 from the brewers. That last sounds almost natural, though the poor-man-rich-man dogma may have its own special freshness and surprise.

Dropping to local life—crimes on the order of robbing your neighbor's hen nest—there were delivered to Ferguson, from the state's penitentiary system, five wagons, to the value of $326.11; forty bushels of seed corn, $77.52; 200 bushels of cotton seed, $315.13—it is easy to see that this man is entertaining. At the other extreme, when President Wilson sent out his appeal to keep the universities going, for the sake of the tasks ahead in the World War, Ferguson promptly vetoed the appropriation bill for the University of Texas.

It would be lacking in humor to go on with these items, but we may pause to note two major operations. Ma was Governor in name only, of course, with Ferguson sitting in. During her regime a state highway commission (of the right men) was formed, a scheme of maintenance by lump-sum contracts instead of the old state or county scheme of paying for what work was needed and actually done. Under the new arrangement little matters followed like that of the $2,000,000 contract for retopping certain roads, out of which the contractors earned $900,000 profits, and paid $700,000 dividends on the $10,000 cash capital in less than six months. This event was, naturally, one of

the show pieces in the impeachment exhibition, when by a two-thirds vote of the senate ten of the nineteen articles of impeachment were passed.

The other operation takes the shape of Mrs. Ferguson's famous pardon bias. It was all doubtless within the law, however amazing. Ferguson was merely a lawyer acting for the condemned; his wife was the Governor granting the pardons. At the beginning of this last campaign Ferguson announced that as soon as Mrs. Ferguson came into office, 2,000 pardons would be granted. In her former administration the proofs show many fees, $65,000, $25,000 and varying other sums that the lawyer in the case received. The pardons, full, conditional, et cetera, that evince the Governor's mercy for the first seventeen months, include 402 bootleggers, 44 men convicted of rape, 10 bigamists, 203 convicted murderers, robbers at the rate of "4½ a month and thieves at 7½ a month," not to speak of those convicted of arson, keeping gambling houses, poisoning a well and various forms of assault, plus a case of "aggravated assault" in seven cases on little boys by a school teacher.

Even to the purest spirit the question must eventually arise as to whether Ferguson is not a very rich man. He is not, not gloriously rich so far as anyone knows; in business he is looked on as a dreamer, a plunger, an adventurer. This defect in affluence, while it is not unlike that of many heroes and statesmen in the past, takes away, nevertheless, in such a civilization as ours, what hint of glamor might have accrued to him by now.

And yet the Fergusons in this race for the governorship of Texas got, as reported so far, 371,656 votes, a fact that may well dismay us, and that plainly roused Texas voters to at least a majority heat. There are people who wonder how anybody could cast a Ferguson vote; but there are also those who refuse to believe even his former confessions so long as his present denials are stirring enough. And there are those who refuse to believe any of these reproaches, and say, simply, what should, to innocent hearts, be a good argument: "If it's true, why isn't he in jail?" STARK YOUNG.

The Price of "Moscow Gold"

The Third Article in Mr. Hardman's Series, "Communism in America"

THE ALIEN nature of the Communist party has been stressed from two angles: first, the overwhelmingly foreign-born composition of the party's membership and, second, the relationship between the party, the Communist Internationale and Soviet Russia. Both have had an intimate bearing on the fate of the movement, though by no means in the way the Red-scare promoters believe. To them it is a police problem: if the Communist party consists of foreigners, they would have it deported, and if the party receives "Moscow gold," they would put the party in jail and have the gold expropriated by due process. The social student looks to the answers to these questions for the basis of an estimate of what the party's chances of growth and what its future may be.

The Communist party itself does not conceal the overwhelmingly foreign-born composition of its membership. The largest dues-paying membership of the party on record—17,377 in 1924—was distributed as follows: 15,471 in foreign-language federations and 1,906 in the English-speaking sections of the party. "English-speaking" does not necessarily mean American-born. It is true, though, that the English-speaking sections of the party have been among its most active and politically sensitive units. The foreign-language sections or federations played a conspicuous part in the formation of the party. They supplied the numbers and the means when the party was organized and thus kept it going for many years. Stirred by the revolutionary developments in the Old World, and having mostly come from the various sections of the former Russian Empire, where a good many worked in the revolutionary movement, in secret or underground, they were psychologically attuned to the promotion of a similar movement in the United States. Some of them were able to read Lenin in his native tongue and they all claimed that they understood the interminable disputes among the Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, Zimmerwaldists, Kientalists and Second Internationalists. A foreign-born Socialist, especially an emigrant from Russia, was a somebody in 1919, and a Russian accent was a badge of distinction. The first Communist party was launched September 1, 1919, in Chicago, in a convention in Mechanists' Hall. It consisted almost exclusively of the Russian and near-Russian language federations of the Socialist party.

The language groups enlivened the Communist movement. They brought it a certain richness of political culture, unreal in an American political sense, but colorful. The American centers of immigration reflected the conflicting currents and struggles of life in the old country. In these centers there was a live labor movement with many institutions behind it, labor dailies, large coöperative developments, children's and adults' schools, labor insurance organizations and in some cases powerful unions, either led by their nationals or dominated by them in point of membership. There was the Jewish Workmen's Circle (Arbeiter Ring)—a na-

tional labor fraternal insurance and benefit organization, with 80,000 members. There was the German Kranken und Sterbe Kasse with 50,000 members and a substantial treasury; The New Yorker Volkszeitung, a self-sustaining daily with more than forty years of unbroken existence and of great influence. There was also the American-Lithuanian Labor Alliance, a fraternal insurance society, smaller than the Jewish or German organizations, but quite as active, generous and radical. It supplied a promising field of conquest. Among the Lithuanians there was (probably the first book club in the country) a coöperative labor literary guild with some 8,000 members. For ten years it had been publishing three books a year for the annual cost to members of $1.50, and it functioned through hundreds of local literary and educational assemblies. The Finnish workers developed numerous, well organized and rich coöperatives, the only cooperative ventures in the United States that successfully carried on many-sided cultural activities. The hundreds of thousands of people in these and other similar organizations worked, paid rent, reared children and quarreled in the United States of America, but lived, to all intellectual intents and purposes, in the stormy revolutionary centers of the Old World.

These various organizations of the foreign-born became the battle ground for Communist domination. Not in all of them did the Communists have their way, but there they tasted their first victories. The foreign-born workers played a large part in the labor movements of 1919. The industrial crisis of 1920 and the resultant discussions of social and political issues were manna to the foreign-born. Finally they envisaged an America in European revolutionary garb, but with coffee on the breakfast table and a bathtub in every house—a revolution with modern American improvements. These foreign-born composed the Communist party, split it time and again, united it, made it the fantastic thing that it was in 1919-1920. They dominated it but paid for the domination.

Then came a change of policy. The party decided to become Americanized. The foreign-born regime was suddenly declared an obstacle to the bridging of the gap between the European revolutionary ideas and the American native workers' mind. The foreign-born contingent, which gave the party its original impetus and its means of subsistence in the early days, became a drag and a hindrance. The autonomies of the foreign-language federations were ruled out of court. Instead, the interracial shop-nuclei made their appearance. The reform was undertaken with a view of bringing the party into an intimate and integrated relationship with the workers in industry and of making the shop workers, that is, industrial America, a determining factor in the party. This was a quixotic enterprise. The mere transformation of a federated party of foreign-speaking units into a unified organization, speaking the American language with a heavy foreign accent, could not Americanize the party. It only alienated the Communist party from the mass organizations of the foreign-born without bringing it appreciably nearer to native labor. The rich and influential Finnish, German, Lithuanian and Jewish sections of the party have suffered great losses since 1925-1926.

Having lost influence in its former strongholds, the party resorted to the course it pursued in the trade-union field, namely, that of promoting dual, Communist-controlled organizations among the foreign-born. It has lately organized the International Workmen's Order, a fraternal insurance society incorporated under the insurance laws, which is to be the interracial rallying center of fraternally minded Communist workers. It is hoped that this will aid the party in recouping the losses in the Jewish, Finnish, German, Lithuanian and other foreign-language fraternal workers' insurance organizations. The success of the enterprise is by no means certain. The isolationist policy of the Communist party has done it the same disservice in the general organizations of the masses of labor as in the trade unions. The policy severed the party from contact with the group life of labor.

The question whether or not the Communist party really receives money from Moscow and, if it does, how much or how frequently, interests many well meaning persons out of all proportion to the significance of the answer. This writer has no means of discovering the truth. It is a matter of intelligence, though, that labor organizations help each other financially across boundary lines of nations and continents. In 1912 or thereabouts, The New York Call, a Socialist daily, received a sizable money contribution from the Central Committee of the Social Democratic party of Germany. Shortly after the War, the American Federation of Labor was raising funds for the General Federation of the Trade Unions of Germany. The United Mine Workers of America under Mr. Lewis, a gentleman scrupulously free of any tinge of Bolshevism, was raising funds, together with other A. F. of L. unions, for the miners of Great Britain in the strike of 1926. The American-Irish friends of Irish independence were in the habit of accompanying their curses for England, when they sent them abroad, with American currency for the Sinn Feiners.

Inasmuch as the Communist party especially emphasizes its international character, it does not seem logical that it should worry overmuch if a part of its budget comes from a more prosperous part of the Communist Internationale than the American section. Nor can the issue very well be raised of the propriety of this kind of support. If it is proper for Andrew Mellon to receive income taxes on profits made by American business corporations in Soviet Russia, why may not the American section be supported out of the proceeds of the prosperous business that the Communist Internationale is doing

in Russia? A far more pertinent issue was raised by Mr. H. N. Brailsford some time ago, namely, that it was not the financial support that the party may have been receiving from Moscow which was objectionable, but the fact that it was taking unwise orders. But does the party take orders from the Communist Internationale? To this the answer is positive, and the orders have been of a kind that has done the party little good.

The Communist party makes no secret of its adherence to international Communist discipline. The Communist Internationale is an international party, not a loose federation of autonomous national parties as is the Socialist Internationale, and the national centers are but subordinate divisions of the international organization. Democratic centralism is the organizing principle upon which the Communist Internationale has been erected, but the American section, which is the weakest and least significant unit of the movement, cannot insist on much democracy. American Communists have been taking orders indiscriminately, and their growing domestic ineffectiveness has in turn made them even more obedient. The changes which took place in the Communist Internationale itself, and in the specific function which it has lately been performing in relation to Russia, account for the fact that the "Moscow orders" have become in recent years especially unsuited to the American scene.

The Communist Internationale was established by the Russian Revolution as its instrument for the promotion of revolution abroad. It was thought that the revolution in Russia was not safe unless it spread into the most important countries of Europe. Centralized leadership and international control seemed necessary under the circumstances, but a measure of national autonomy was not denied the national parties. It was understood that a revolution in a given country could not be produced out of a clear sky, and that revolution-accelerating activity had to be functionally related to local conditions. The knowledge of these local conditions would necessitate the coördination of international planning with national executive guidance. Lenin realized that. Trotsky knew it.

A realist in politics and intimately familiar with Russian life, Lenin, however, knew little about things abroad. The instructions which the Communist Internationale was issuing in Lenin's active and influential years were often misdirected, but the tendency was always to seek to conform the orders to what was good for the "instructed" country. Consequently, orders were kept realistically close to local conditions and local leadership was considered. The Russian Revolution under Lenin and Trotsky was national in form but international in outlook. The Communist Internationale was the arm of the Revolution in Russia stretched across the country's boundaries. Poor information or unripe judgment caused adventurous promotion of revolutions. Such was the attempt to foster a revolution in Germany in 1923. In those years, however, the Communist parties were, or were meant to be, national revolutionary movements united in a highly centralized, even militarized, international body. They were expected and sometimes urged to live a life of their own, even if in strict conformity to rules laid down from above.

The death of Lenin, followed by the political assassination of Trotsky, denoted the beginning of a new period, the liquidation of the hopes of a speedy international revolution. Lenin's idea that it was impossible to erect a lasting revolutionary edifice on any but an international basis has been tucked away under the learned seats of the Communist academicians of the Marx-Lenin Institute in Moscow. Trotsky's central idea of the *revolution en permanence* was strictly verboten by the Stalinist "line" in Russia, as well as everywhere else. Stalin has inaugurated the era of "Socialism in one country." His regime has evolved the new national orientation of the Russian Revolution. The Communist Internationale has accordingly been subordinated to the new orientation. It has become an international instrument for the promotion of Russian national politics. Its outlook has been nationalized. Its instructions to the national parties abroad have been motivated by that outlook.

Moscow orders to the American party, at the earlier stage, were guided by what Moscow headquarters thought was good for the health of the revolution here. Moscow orders dispatched to the United States or to China or Great Britain, under Stalin, are inspired by what Russians in Moscow think ought to be done in London, Peking or New York for the promotion of certain Russian ends which interest the party in Moscow. These ends are not necessarily petty, personal or dishonest. They may be the loftiest, from an all-Soviet point of view, but they are Russian ends. A consideration for the health of the revolution or of the revolutionary movement in a given country does not come first under the new dispensation, and hence the knowledge of conditions which prevail in that country is no longer of particular importance. The orders are Russian, prompted by Russian ends, growing out of the lay of Russia's political land, and must be executed irrespective of what the specific conditions of the "instructed" country seem to require. Not only have orders become stricter and more unbending than ever, but they are more minute than ever. They preclude any reaction from below and they brook no opposition. The change of the trade-union policy of the Communist party in the United States, so obviously detrimental not only to the labor movement generally but to the party itself, was carried out on strict orders from the Communist Internationale. It was primarily aimed at serving certain party ends in Russia.

How crude and unceremonious certain "Moscow orders" may be, and how they are obeyed on Manhattan Island, are illustrated in the following actual

occurrence. The American Communist party met in convention in New York in 1929. The central executive committee, of which Mr. Jay Lovestone was the acknowledged and Moscow-recognized leader, had ninety-two delegates or thereabouts out of one hundred in the convention. There was a minority group represented by eight delegates. And there was William Z. Foster, with but a voice and no vote, for he was, politically speaking, as dead as a doornail. In fact, it was believed there were strong chances that he would be expelled. But while the ninety-two delegates in the convention were busy cheering Mr. Lovestone, who was outlining plans for the total annihilation of both Foster and the minority, a new development took place in Moscow.

For certain reasons of the Soviet State, that is, from Stalin's point of view, it became necessary finally to remove Bukharin from the leadership of the Communist Internationale. This was so ordained, and a part of the "line" was to make certain that in the national parties abroad no Bukharin men should remain in leading or controlling positions. Lovestone was a Bukharin man. Not that he would not be willing to become any other man's man, if duly warned. But somebody was not certain about it. On the other hand, there was William Z. Foster, politically defeated, nobody's man, not so much because he so willed it but because others had proved to be more skillful manipulators than he was. And so an accommodating cable company transmitted an order to the convention in New York declaring Lovestone and his ninety-two colleagues a hopeless, misguided, right-wing minority, and William Z. Foster to be just the right kind of majority. The convention squirmed, made gestures of displeasure, but it finally swallowed it all—hook line and sinker. Foster was ordained the leader. Lovestone was expelled and before long declared an ally of imperialism and a lackey of the world bourgeoisie. However, the mantle of leadership was not permitted to rest too long on Mr. Foster's shoulders. A worthier man has fitted into the political garment.

Does Moscow know the actual value of the American organization? It does. In 1922, Karl Radek, in a letter to an American friend, referred to the party as a one-hundred-percent *Narrenhaus*. Henry Valetsky, a delegate plenipotentiary of the Moscow Internationale to the American party, admitted to a group of dissenters that "granted that the American party is plainly crazy, still we must work with the material at hand." The quality of the material told on the product. This raises another interesting question, namely, what do the Russians expect of the American party? They expect nothing. Mr. Duranty's lengthy dispatch to The New York Times several weeks ago, answering this question, stated the truth. The Communist Internationale places little value upon the work of the party, but as Russians they are religious enough to wage civil war for the right to make the sign of the cross with two and not three fingers, even if they do not altogether believe in the sign of the cross. However, they see certain immediate limited uses of the Communist party. They see its "nuisance value." It prevents the rehabilitation of the Socialist party. It causes headaches to the A. F. of L. And, above all, the Communist Internationale must have a party in so important an imperialist country as America, even if it be no more than a pretense.

To what extent the party suffers from living in the shadow of Moscow is well illustrated by the rather amusing incident reported in The Party Organizer, a publication referred to in the first article of the series:

> In one unit we have four new members who listened with interest to a speech about the new turn of the party. They heard the following: "The party made very good progress in the I. R. D." The eyes of the new members sparkled. One of them said: "We made progress there, too, we will lead the next big strike. Did you hear it? The subway workers are with us." The speaker became very angry and said: 'How can anyone be so dumb. I said I. R. D., not I. R. T., and what I said means International Red Day, not Interborough Rapid Transit." The four workers were very angry and at the next meeting they did not show up, due to the smart speech of the speaker. These workers were lost to the party.

Moscow must be imitated. Moscow uses initials for full words and abridged combinations of parts of words for long names of institutions, and the American party must do likewise, even though in consequence party members become even more confused than they generally are.

It is probably unavoidable that not infrequently Moscow itself should grossly misread events and developments in the United States. A case in point is what appeared in a Russian illustrated magazine published in Leningrad, in connection with the explosion of sewer gas pipes in New York last April. Under the caption: "Bombing on Broadway," an illustration was reproduced from a New York newspaper, with the following remarks:

> Across the ocean in the land of democracy there is social unrest. It expresses itself in great strikes and demonstrations and in individual terrorist acts. Those responsible for these acts are never discovered. Last April on Broadway, the main street of America, fifteen bombs exploded in one day, making lots of noise and damage as can be seen in this picture.

The party has paid for its blind obedience to orders from afar with a factionalism more rampant than anywhere and a demoralization of leadership that has made it totally unfit for constructive action.

J. B. S. HARDMAN.

In his concluding article, which will appear next week, Mr. Hardman discusses the factions and personalities within the American Communist party. —THE EDITORS.

Reframing Warren K. Billings

THE SUPREME Court of California, sitting not as a court, but as a fact-finding commission, recently completed a four-weeks' hearing of the second pardon application of Warren K. Billings, who is serving a life sentence for participation in the Preparedness Day bomb explosion of July 22, 1916. The court has recessed until "some time in September," when it will reconvene, hear affidavits from several new witnesses, possibly allow Edwin McKenzie, Billings' attorney, to argue the case, and will then make public its decision. This delay in judgment is not without its political aspect: it has kept the Billings case from being an issue in the state primaries, held on August 26, in which Governor Young was an unsuccessful candidate for renomination. Young has announced that any further action he may take in the case of Thomas J. Mooney will depend on the Billings decision. And, as Billings was also convicted in an earlier case, he cannot be pardoned by the Governor except on the recommendation of the supreme court.

Thus comes to a close the most spectacular and the most incredible proceeding in the history of the state of California, perhaps in that of any state. It began early in July of this year, when the supreme court denied Billings' first application, and Young subsequently refused a pardon to Billings. In both these actions, the ground taken was that though all testimony of any consequence against the men was repudiated except that of John MacDonald, MacDonald's evidence at the trials was given credence, and his repudiation of it in 1921 was not. It was obvious that both the court and the Governor took it for granted that this vagrant and itinerant was long since dead. Instead, MacDonald was located in Baltimore, and brought to San Francisco to repeat his recantation. There was nothing to do but to hear him.

What started thus as a rehearing of MacDonald developed into a huge tragic farce. The whole case was thrown wide open, and not the case alone, but the entire history of both Billings and Mooney. In vain did McKenzie plead over and over again that what he was concerned with was whether or not his client set a bomb at the corner of Steuart and Market Streets on July 22, 1916. Time after time the hearing was thrown open to discussions of economic and social philosophy; of the Martinez and Sacramento dynamiting cases in the Pacific Gas and Electric strike (in the former of which Billings was never involved); of the acquaintance of the men with Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and other anarchists; of the connection of defense witnesses with the defense of the Los Angeles Times explosion, Ford and Suhr, even Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, as well as Sacco and Vanzetti!

The vindictiveness of Fickert, Cunha, Goff and the other men connected with the original prosecution, who for fourteen years have been stung by accusations of framing Mooney and Billings, was of course to be expected. What was surprising, however, was the animus openly displayed by several members of the supreme court itself, particularly Justices Richards and Preston (formerly United States Attorney), who conducted most of the questioning for the court. Preston's attitude throughout was that, not of a judge, but of a prosecutor, and of an especially savage prosecutor at that. Defense witnesses were heckled, bullied, sneered at; prosecution witnesses were permitted to express themselves at length on the most extraneous opinions and accusations, and neither McKenzie nor Frank P. Walsh (who was present as Mooney's attorney to protect his interests) was permitted to interrupt or refute them. Few more painful scenes have ever been witnessed in a courtroom than the sight of the venerable Fremont Older, editor of The San Francisco Call, being exposed hour after hour to the insults of Preston and the angry bulldog Cunha. Older remained patient and unperturbed under insinuations and attacks that would have moved a Gandhi to resentment; but it was apparent that to most of the members of the court the Tolstoyan idealist and humanitarian was no match for his obtuse and brutal questioners.

MacDonald, of course, as the principal excuse for the entire series of hearings, was the first witness. He was a pitiful figure. Crippled by rheumatism, his voice almost inaudible, his face drawn and hollow, he cringed under every question, and spent more time in weeping into a soiled handkerchief than he did in testifying. Probably MacDonald can be classified as a high-grade imbecile or a low-grade moron. Nothing was easier than to trap him into contradictory answers. He has told so many conflicting lies for so many years, that undoubtedly he himself no longer knows what the truth really is, what he really saw or did on that fatal day. But on the fundamental fact that he had lied, that he had been coached in his story at the trials by the various members of the district attorney's staff, and particularly by Ficket himself, he remained absolutely firm. He would tangle himself in a mass of contradictions, and then suddenly draw himself up to all his feeble strength, raise his shriveled arm in the air, and cry passionately, "I swear to God it was all a bunch of lies!" At the Sacramento hearing before the Governor, when that official could no longer evade the duty of interviewing MacDonald, the little man seemed to gain

strength; his memory and his bearing became firmer away from the hostile atmosphere of the assembled court. But there, too, he could repeat only that he had lied, that he had never seen Mooney or Billings at Steuart Street with the famous suitcase (supposed to contain the bomb). Confronted by the defense with evidence that he had certainly lied in one particular, a question of high steps before a saloon which were supposed to raise the men to a position where they could be seen across the parade crowd, he muttered feebly, "I always thought they were there," and then cried dramatically, "Crucify me!" Brought back by his Baltimore attorneys, Gans and Ruzicka, for one last appearance before they took him East again, he recontradicted himself once more. The only conclusion to be drawn from the days of questioning he underwent was that in no case, on either side, could a man of his low mental and moral plane be believed. The prosecution's conclusion, of course, was that MacDonald had been an honest and straightforward witness in 1916, but that now he had degenerated—preyed upon, Cunha had the audacity to assert, by his probable reading of the Densmore report!—with the further implication that he had been bribed by the defense to recant.

Suddenly into the proceedings, which had ostensibly been called to hear MacDonald alone was projected the egregious Estelle Smith, the drug-addict dental nurse who had tried in 1916 to prove that Billings, together with Tom and Rena Mooney, had stopped by, as it were, at the dental office where she worked, en route to setting the bomb—apparently for the purpose of affording themselves a good opportunity for conviction! Whether Estelle voluntarily came forward and insisted on testifying and on repudiating her recantation of 1929 to Fremont Older, as she claims she did, or whether she was procured by the prosecution, as seems more likely, may never be known; but it was thanks to her that the prosecutors and the prosecutor-judges were able to drag into the hearings the Red issue, which has no actual connection with the Preparedness Day cases themselves, and the only object or effect of which can be to arouse prejudice.

Estelle Smith is a gabbling hysteric. Her stream of chatter almost drowned the courtroom; it was not until her second day, when Frank Walsh finally got her in hand, that it was possible to get her to answer a question directly. She was coy, she was histrionic, she was flirtatious, but she was never convincing. She proclaimed aloud her warm affection for Duncan Matheson (in 1916 captain of detectives, now city treasurer) on the one hand and for Fremont Older on the other, she loved everybody, including the justices and Billings, but no, she had never doubted that it was Billings she saw at 721 Market Street, and if she had denied it in the past it was only to oblige dear Mr. Older, who had been so kind and had given her such a lovely wrist watch and such beautiful pearls. It was stuff like this that Older was obliged to explain, under a fire of heckling, when he himself at last got the floor.

If MacDonald is a moron and Estelle Smith a psychopath, former Assistant District Attorney Edward A. Cunha is perfectly sane. Also, he is unscrupulous, a grudge-bearer, a Red-baiter, and probably a hero-worshipper whose hero is that other Stanford man, Charles M. Fickert. He has had fourteen years to accumulate hatred and anger under the charges made against him and his chief, and he let the whole accumulation loose on the witness stand. Quite frankly, and with no apparent idea of the meaning or implications of his attitude, he took the view that it did not matter whether Mooney and Billings were actually guilty of the Preparedness Day explosion; it did not matter whether they were convicted by perjured testimony; all that mattered was that they were bad, dangerous men, who had fortunately been put where they could do no further harm, and who must be kept there lest they should be released to do more. That is, of course, the opinion of a large section of California citizens, but it had never before been so openly and callously expressed. That some of the justices, at least, candidly agreed with him, was only too evident. Even Fickert, when he testified on the last day of the hearings, confined himself to specific denials and made no such attempt (protected from embarrassment though he was by the solicitous court) to issue so general a statement.

In the third week the San Francisco hearings were interrupted while the entire court went to Folsom Prison, near Sacramento, to interview Warren Billings. It was an unprecedented incident in an unprecedented proceeding. Billings gave a frank and straightforward story, laying his past bare, and proving his innocence of the Preparedness Day outrage by the confession that on that day he had been at certain specified places for the purpose of committing sabotage on automobiles painted by scab labor. Yet after the justices had returned to San Francisco, and Billings was no longer able to deny charges made against him, Fickert was allowed to report an alleged interview with Billings in which the latter was supposed to have accused Tom Mooney of the bombing.

Perhaps for the first time in history, also, a justice of a supreme court, acting as prosecutor, introduced into his questioning of a witness (Edgar Gleeson of The Call) excerpts from a scurrilous anonymous letter, which neither the witness nor the defense attorneys had ever been permitted to see! Moreover, copies of the letter (a mass of easily provable lies and slander) were given to Captain Goff, one of the most active of the 1916 framers, and he was permitted to carry them around to all the local newspapers. That only one paper, The Chronicle, featured the letter or treated it with anything but contempt, has no bearing on Justice Preston's action. And when, next morning, McKenzie

tried to obtain contempt proceedings against Goff, he was blandly informed by Chief Justice Waste that the court was not sitting as a court, and hence had no jurisdiction in the matter; while Justices Shenk, Seawell and Richards approved of Goff's actions, and Richards said he thought it was "a very good thing" that the letter was published!

Undoubtedly the greatest mistake of the defense from the beginning was throwing overboard the frame-up charges. Apparently McKenzie's idea was that a sort of gentlemen's agreement could be reached; that if the blame for the whole conviction could be laid on the shoulders of John MacDonald, if it could be said that "we were all mistaken and meant well," in grateful exchange the prosecution would let its victims go. Instead, not only was it impossible to get even all the defense witnesses to agree to such tactics, but the prosecution was given the most powerful weapon it has yet had. As Preston put it, "If Billings had asked for pardon on the ground that he had an alibi, or was mistakenly identified, we could have considered his application on that basis; but he asked it on the ground that he was framed, and his own attorney has disclaimed the frame-up before us."

This being so, many observers believe that the chances that Billings, and hence Mooney, will receive either pardon or commutation of sentence as a result of the supreme-court hearings are very slight indeed. The result of the primary elections may possibly have some bearing on the decision, but as the political career of any Governor who pardons Mooney and Billings is over, that, too, is unlikely. It seems much more probable that the defense, in its desire to save the Preparedness Day frame-up victims at any cost, has unwittingly closed the prison doors upon them forever.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

Washington Notes

BY THE keener of the political sharps left in Washington—and it is surprising how many have stuck here through the heat—it seems to be accepted that the real power in the Republican National Committee is now lodged in the large, urbane Ohio Postmaster-General, Walter Brown of Toledo. With the passing of the unfortunate Huston, the Fess-Lucas party set-up was announced. It was, so the story went, designed to offset the Democratic Raskob-Shouse arrangement and to operate along the same lines. Senator Fess, whose belief in the righteousness of Republicanism is ridiculously complete, was to be the window dressing, placidly posing as chairman while Mr. Lucas did the dirty work. Such was the way the thing went out in July to the "Corps of Correspondents," only a few of whom were sufficiently astute to see behind the whole business the compact and capable figure of Mr. Brown. The fact is—and there is abundant proof of it—that the Fess-Lucas plan originated with Mr. Brown, that both Mr. Fess and Mr. Lucas were really selected by Mr. Brown, and that Mr. Brown is the real political agent of the Hoover administration. He is the politician whose views have most weight with Mr. Hoover, the strategist in whom the President puts the most trust and to whom he delegates the greatest authority.

To some extent this has been true from the beginning of the administration, though Mr. Hoover had, during the first year, the novel, not to say absurd, idea of setting up a sort of political commission of three—composed of the amiable Burke of Pittsburgh, the earnest Mr. Newton and Mr. Brown—which was to act as a sort of clearing house for all administration politics. The commission idea simply did not work and no one with any experience in practical politics ever thought it would. Long ago it ceased to function. Mr. Burke has pretty well passed out of the picture. Mr. Newton confines his activities to legislative matters—and not always with felicitous results. Mr. Brown is the only member of the original commission, ostensibly designed to deal with the question of Southern patronage, who has grown in political power. Partly this was due to the pitiable flop of Mr. Huston, partly to the fact that of all the administration politicians, Walter Brown is the most seasoned, adroit and practical, and partly to the strategic position he occupies in the Cabinet. The Postmaster-General has always been the administration politician.

The fact that Mr. Brown is the master politician is the most substantial reason for believing that Mr. Hoover's renomination in 1932 is inevitable. For one thing, it ensures a practical and adequate administration handling of those white and black politicians in the Southern states who deliver the delegates to the national convention. Soon after Mr. Hoover was inaugurated, he announced a new policy in the matter of Southern patronage, the barter and sale of which had disgraced Republican administrations as far back as anyone could remember. All that was to be changed. The whole job-distribution business in the South was to be put on a "higher plane." Things have been raised to this "higher plane," the reason being that any change in policy or personnel at all was certain to be an improvement. When in Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida and one or two other states, the commission, refusing to deal with the black and tan "leaders" who had heretofore been recognized, selected others to make recommendations for the local federal places, it at once bettered the situation.

Mr. Brown has not permitted the plane to soar so high that he may have difficulty in ensuring administration control of the delegates at the next national convention. On the contrary, all of Mr. Brown's new leaders in the South were selected with the notion that one of the logical consequences of raising things to a "higher plane" in states heretofore given over to patronage debauchery was coöperation in the noble movement to continue the present administration in power for a second term. Those who know Mr. Brown did not have to be told that such would be his line of reasoning and that he would need no suggestion to that effect from the White House.

The present idea of Mr. Brown is to operate in the background and avoid all unnecessary personal publicity, which is a fairly easy task, there being at this time nothing much for the Republican National Committee to do

except provide the propaganda which has been so conspicuously weak in the past seventeen months. There is, for example, nothing it can do to promote party prospects in the campaign this fall except to dole out a little money in the several states and districts and send some speakers around to talk about "upholding the hands of the administration." Actually, of course, the elections this fall hinge upon local conditions and the personal strength of the local candidates. The idea that national issues will play a large part is not well founded. That is a newspaper idea, but practical politicians know perfectly well that except under extraordinary conditions there is slight national flavor to these off-year elections, despite the clatter of the senatorial and congressional campaign committees, which are the hollowest sort of shams.

It is, of course, true that the results this fall will be construed as a vindication or repudiation of the administration, according to whether the Republicans retain or lose control of the House. None the less, the elections are local in fact, national only in theory, and there is extremely little a national chairman of either party can do to influence them. No one is better aware of these things than the seasoned Mr. Brown. This is no time for activity upon his part. What Mr. Brown is primarily concerned with is the 1932 convention. Next year, not this year, will be the time to make deals and dicker over delegates. And next year, I think, Mr. Brown will be a great deal more in evidence than he is now. Long before that convention is held it will be plain that he is the real party boss, backed by the White House, and that political negotiations not made by him, directly or indirectly, are not political negotiations at all. It does not suit Mr. Brown's strategy to have these facts brought out at this time and he will not care for their publication here. If you ask him about it now he will characterize the whole business as "ridiculous." But it isn't—it's a fact, and the less thick-witted of the politicians and political observers know it now, notwithstanding the care with which this smooth Ohio manipulator keeps behind the screen.

Washington. T. R. B.

Abraham Lincoln Talks

IT IS a story," says Mr. David Wark Griffith of his new talking picture, "Abraham Lincoln," "of a human being who lived and loved, even as you and I." Well, you and I have led rather sheltered lives, so maybe he didn't really mean us. The story, at any rate, runs something like this: A child was born on a stormy night somewhere in Kentucky while his mother was in bed, surrounded by other children who were old enough to remark, "Shucks, he ain't much to look at." That boy, Abe, grew to enormous size in no more time than it takes to say Jack Robinson and the first thing you know he was leaning over the counter of a store in some other state not very clearly defined, reading a book and looking pretty much at ease with the world. A big fellow came into the store who seemed to be mad at Abe, so they got into a fight and what did Abe do but lick the whole gang single-handed. He had a drink out of the bung of a barrel which he rolled up on his knees, although he said he didn't drink, and then spit it out without getting the gang mad at him. The next thing you know he was splitting rails with a fine machine-made wedge of very shiny steel. Who should be sitting around nearby reading out loud from a law book but little Ann Rutledge in her new and fresh dimity gown by Marie Alphonsine. Abe was a very warm fellow when it came to sparking the girls and he felt a lot like kissing Ann. In case you think he could kiss her without making her fall off the pile of rails you are mistaken. And she showed her fine new pantaloons as she fell. Just as any poor frontier slavey would do. Well there was something about either the kiss or the fall or the pantaloons that was fatal to little Ann and her Southern accent. She was soon sick abed of a fever and there was another storm. But it wasn't too bad a storm to keep Old Abe in his bed although he had the fever, too. He got there in time to kiss Ann goodbye. Ann had a fiancé off in New York state at the time and he didn't know anything about it. Neither did Mr. Griffith. Well, Abe took Ann's death kind of hard, as you may imagine. Then the sheriff came along and took away his horse and saddle, but left him his book. Then, before you knew it, he woke up in Springfield and there was Mary Todd, making up her mind that Abe Lincoln was more likely to get along than Stephen A. Douglas, who happened to be around at the time. Abe wasn't a very good dancer, but first crack out of the box they were all ready for the wedding and Abe was having cold feet. Mary Todd was pretty mad about that, but it all came out right and Abe had enough gumption left over to get up on a platform with Stephen A. Douglas and open his mouth for a moment until he was cut out by the cameraman and Stephen A. Douglas thrown in for a moment. Then Abe was thrown back for a breath and then Douglas again, each one saying just a word until you couldn't help thinking of the little kids in the comic strip of long ago who said, all in one balloon, "We didn't do it, Uncle Happy." At any rate, two bigwigs from the East came and said to Abe, "Mr. Lincoln we want you to accept the Republican nomination for President," and Abe looked very surprised, as you may imagine, and went off to supper with his little boy. When they all arrived at the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln together, somehow having missed Willard's Hotel, Mrs. Lincoln thought the place was very dirty and Mr. Lincoln thought Fort Sumter must be relieved immediately. So some guns went off, and a little time of confusion took place and there were a lot of conflicting messages from Bull Run. Then Mr. Lincoln went to look over the army and found a boy who was being sentenced to death for dereliction of duty and he pardoned him and sent him back to try again. Quick as a flash General Grant was there and was made a Lieutenant General, although there hadn't been any since Washington. General Grant was very happy and had another cigar and Mr. Lincoln looked very much like Walter Huston, who incidentally was doing a very good job of acting like Mr. Lincoln. Then Mr. Lincoln thought up the Emancipation Proclamation. Then General Sheridan, who was away somewhere while his army was being routed, decided that he had time to stop the rout. He jumped on his fine horse and rode up and down the troop street, which had got cluttered up with some artillery, somehow, and he reversed the procedure and won the battle. The time was passing just like wildfire. That

seemed to make General Lee feel very sad and he lay down to rest, only getting up to keep his aide from sentencing a Union spy to death. Then Mr. Lincoln was reëlected and everything looked very promising. But Mr. Lincoln went to the theater one night, after some rough fellows had met in a barroom and said some dirty things about him. John Wilkes Booth, one of those fellows, rode up to the very theater where Mr. Lincoln and his wife were alone in a box, unguarded. Mr. Lincoln got up in the box and, by an amazing feat of memory, recited passages from some of his best speeches, to the delight of the audience. Booth stepped into the box without being noticed, and shot Mr. Lincoln behind the ear. Then he jumped to the stage and shouted "Sic semper tyrannis" while the members of the cast waited for him to finish his flourish. Then he ran off. After that there was a log cabin going very fast in a funny looking wood and then a large and noble white building at the top of a long flight of steps.

It was all very puzzling. There didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to it. When the real Abraham Lincoln lay on his death bed someone said, or later said that he had said, "Now he belongs to the ages." Well, the ages and all their paraphernalia certainly seem to have taken possession of him. It's just as if Mr. Griffith had gone around shouting "Must have a Lohengrin. People demand a Lohengrin," and had taken the late ex-President Lincoln and dressed him up in a suit of very flappy pasteboard armor and gritted his teeth and said "By God, you be Lohengrin, will you!" And the saddest thing about it all is that he will be Lohengrin or maybe David W. Griffith and no one will be any the wiser. Mr. Lincoln, patiently and tragically dead these sixty-five years, can't help himself. If he were to come along now and weep a few tears at the spectacle they have made of him, he would be hooted off as a nuisance and an impostor. He wouldn't realize that he belonged to the ages. He wouldn't believe that those ages were what was in gestation during the last years of his life. He wouldn't realize that they were the very things he had nursed and given his heart's pain to. Or maybe he would, because he once realized that his shrewd political machinations had gotten him the office and distinction he craved, and that, once gotten, office and distinction so attained were nothing without being atoned for. He atoned for them by self-abasement and a late flowering of moral dignity. Perhaps he would see in this 1930 plaster cast, into which the weakening structure of his memory is being set, the terrible genius of that tragedy which American life runs ever faster to forget. The tragedy of aimless and inadvertent success. Mr. Griffith is a success, the talking pictures are a success. It is a terrible thought. They are, sadly enough, successful because of those forces which were behind Mr. Lincoln's reiterated cry, "The Union must be saved!" The Union was saved, but not as it had been. And the mechanics of salvation, not the thing to be saved, were what survived. These mechanics have now made a talking picture of Lincoln, but they can never again make Lincoln.

I am afraid that Mr. Griffith and his earnest collaborators have not had to worry about Mr. Lincoln's tragedy. If they had worried about it, they would have given us something very different from this limp and confused picture of the only real national drama we ever had.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

A COMMUNICATION

India—a British Point of View

SIR: After reading the editorial "American Opinion and India," published in your issue of August 20, I conclude that you are (1) out of touch with British opinion about India, and (2) mistaken in classing me with those who think the natives have no legitimate grievance. I was Miss Mayo's severest critic in England, and Indians have quoted me freely against her. I dare say you are right in saying that my comment on your statement that Mr. Gandhi's letter gave a "graphic picture of conditions in India" was in "true British style"; we like to get our meaning clear. The letter gave a graphic picture of the state of one man's mind, but a very foggy picture of conditions in India. And I thought it had no connection with your caption, "Why Gandhi Is in Jail." I did not object to your printing the letter; I merely thought your caption and conclusion were non-sequiting. As to his conditions of peace, I thought you might like to have your attention drawn to the fact that they shift frequently. I hoped you would recognize that he is a very difficult man to negotiate with, and that he mixes up primary demands with others that are personal or sentimental, and in any case secondary.

However, all this is a past matter. Please let me say plainly what Englishmen think wrong with the way America discusses India. First, we think you have the word "propaganda" on the brain. No doubt there *is* British propaganda. But I do not believe there is anything like as much as you think. All kinds of innocent arrivals are suspected of having been arranged by our government. Secondly, if we (Englishmen, not the agents of the wicked Empire) point out that a statement, set out as fact, is not so, we are regarded as pedantic. I pointed out in The London Times that Mr. Upton Close's "information," supposed to be his strong point, was misinformation; and I was immediately told: "But you don't understand. He doesn't aim at giving *facts,* but *impressions.*" This is what happens. An American paper prints definite information which is demonstrably false; I (or some other British sojourner) correct it, there comes a private and often charming apology (as compensation for my cause and my country, two different but both cherished things, having been publicly sandbagged), and the editor asks "Will you state the British case?" Now, sir, why must there be a British and an Indian "case," on points of *fact?* And is there not a case, neither British nor Indian, which is engaging the best energies of many in both England and India, in which we want the help of American opinion?

I do not want my country to be the wealthiest or most powerful in the world, but I do passionately covet for her the title of being the fairest and most generous nation. I hope that my people will soon be guests in India, and not intruders, and my ambition is that we shall be the first Great Power to take in "on the ground floor" a people of blood and thought very different from our own. Political opinion in my country seems to me more fluid than in America. *You never can tell* what the British are going to do, which is why we deserve encouragement when we show signs of repentance. The British community in

India through one of its leading spokesmen has just assured our Indian fellow-citizens that the British there are not going to be dictated to by what he calls "the diehards at home." When Mr. Winston Churchill said recently that dominion status for India was unthinkable for a very long time, The London Times dealt with him faithfully, as it had just dealt with Lord Birkenhead for saying that the Viceroy intended to "empty the jails to fill the council table." Now, sir, The Times is considered a conservative journal. Great disservice both to truth and the cause of freedom has been done in this country by a Labor M. P. who has been telling your audiences that India's only chance of a fair deal is the swiftly fleeting one that the Independent Labor wing may worry Ramsay MacDonald into committing an unwilling nation before he is "fired." The fact is that we have our imperialist diehards definitely beaten, unless you help them over here, and every British political party is committed to dominion status as soon as possible. Mr. Baldwin is a personal friend of the Viceroy, who was sent out by a conservative government; and the "young Conservatives," as represented by such a man as Mr. John Buchan, are working for a peaceful settlement. Also, our economic interests are all in a settlement. The government has reiterated that the Round Table Conference will be open to any suggestion whatever, and The Times emphasized this (June 10) when commenting on the Simon Report. Only one thing can cause the Round Table Conference to fail, and that is Mr. Gandhi's refusal to join it. If you, and other American papers, are going to applaud everything he does or says, and refuse to criticize him even on the ground that his tactics are sometimes faulty, we may see this refusal.

You may call me dogmatic. But the cause is so full of infinite hopefulness that it is well worth a few risks to one's reputation. I predict that the government will presently do what Sir Francis Younghusband has been urging, in The Times. Having already said that there will be no restrictions at the Round Table Conference, it will say openly that Britain will not lift a finger to keep India in the Empire against her will. If that is done, we may see Indians get down to brass tacks in the matter of one of the two main obstacles to full dominion status, namely, defense; and you will not hear much more talk of secession. The other obstacle is the communal quarrels, usually represented on American platforms as deliberately fomented by Britain. If the British government will throw open the Conference to full publicity, perhaps the pressure of outside expectation may make Indians forget that they are Hindus or Moslems or Sikhs, and really face the fact that they have to live together.

You have consistently, as have the other American liberal journals, said the severest things about the failure of the Labor Government with India. I think you ought to tell us what you think they should have done. I feel that, all things considered, they have not done badly; I wish they had done half as well with our own unemployment problem. We are well on the way to a settlement in India, and Mr. Gandhi is far and away the biggest obstacle at present. Your criticisms of myself do not seem to me of importance. But what is important is that we should lift the Indian controversy on to the plane of truth, a plane it rarely occupies, and should concentrate first of all on facts. Also, and equally, we want The New Republic to be neither anti-British nor anti-Indian, but to be the friend of both parties in helping forward a solution.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Boars Hill, Oxford, England.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Support of Upton Sinclair

SIR: In The New Republic for August 13 there are two interesting letters. Upton Sinclair claims that the women were not heard from in the Literary Digest vote and the editor of The Digest claims that Sinclair has no evidence for his claim. It may be interesting to New Republic readers to learn that I made a small survey on the matter. In a Friends' "First Day School" (Sunday school) class of twenty-three, there were four men. Three of the men and one of the women had received Literary Digest ballots. These people were all forty years of age or over. In the adult Bible class of the Methodist Church of the same town, there were sixty-seven present, of whom eight were men. I am told that seven of the men and two women had received Literary Digest ballots. How far wrong was Sinclair when he claims the women were not heard from?

ARTHUR D. CROMWELL.

State Teachers' College, West Chester, Pa.

Not from a Liberal

SIR: John Dos Passos is slipping. He is assuming that other agencies for creating public opinion will remain inactive while liberals are being galvanized into action, lack of which proves that they are just liberals. The Communists will make greater progress if the liberals just go on as they are and leave the more important things of life severely alone. The New Republic has sufficient alibis on hand to deal with any situation. It committed the unpardonable crime of urging outsiders to provoke this nation into joining the World War. Such a crime debars it from ever being of any service to the working class of this or any country. It is bad enough to join with the War gang, but to do its dirty work—Let us draw a merciful veil over it all.

When the late Mr. A. M. Palmer let loose his various agents in 1919-20, there arose a demand for state legislation to deal with the Reds. Nearly every law passed declared that any man or woman could advocate a change in the form of government, but that they must not advocate violence or any other unlawful means. The liberals fell for this. They felt that the rights of the workers had been maintained. Back numbers of The New Republic contain protests by Mr. Swinburne Hale showing how the liberals had been fooled. Every time the liberals have interfered in collisions between the Reds and the authorities—or vice versa, to be more correct—they have made a mess of things. I have good reason to know this from actual experience. I have had the experience of battling in a trust town; of seeing a comrade taken out, desexed and then hung. And I had the sad experience of seeing liberals fly to cover.

John Dos Passos declares that because the liberals have a small stake in the game they can afford to be neutrals. The man with the last dime in his pocket is always hungry. He is afraid to spend it. Liberals look with fear below and with longing eyes up above. They are a dangerous element in our midst. They protest loudly, create a false impression of strength in the minds of the masses. In critical moments they trot out one of their alibis to cover up their recreant attitude. John Dos Passos is rushing in where others have wisely decided not to tread. It is regrettable.

JACK CARNEY.

New York City.

On Liberty

Liberty, by Everett Dean Martin. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 307 pages. $3.

This Land of Liberty, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Harper and Brothers. 383 pages. $3.

WHEN THE Athenians were sorely besieged during the days of the Peloponnesian War, and their lost warriors were being ceremoniously buried, the inimitable Pericles stood up and delivered an oration on "Our Dead Heroes." The sense of his speech was that all those brave fellows had been killed fighting for liberties dear to them as Greek citizens, liberties of which the methodical, brutish and athletic Spartans knew less than nothing. Better to be dead than to live in a social group which was ignorant of refined debate over points of justice and equity and which decided all questions by custom or superstition.

Ever since the golden fifth century B. C., the idea of liberty has been curiously associated with democratic institutions. Many spokesmen have arisen for it, and there have been champions willing to die for it. But what is liberty? Is it an ambrosial drug which, immoderately taken, breeds forgetfulness, madness? Is it a blessing which may be safely dispensed to the many? Or one which only a few may attain and endure for a bright moment?

We know that in the little Greek republic political liberty flourished at an hour when the spirit of reason, moderation and justice was, by a happy concatenation, made strong; although slavery, as if by paradox, was visible everywhere as an essential part of the national economy. In the later European Renaissance, men like Montaigne and Locke, Montesquieu and Voltaire, spoke guardedly of a liberty founded again on reason, moderation. . . . And Rousseau, in the more passionate accents of one who would set a torch to the old regime, sang of that divine liberty which, to renounce, "was to deny one's very nature and quality as man!"

The whole effort of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century libertarians, simply related, the effort of Grotius and Locke, Montesquieu and Rousseau—upon whose theories our institutions are built—bent itself toward devising a system of adjustments, a compact whereby the passion for individual liberty would be contained within an enduring political frame, and whereby the commonalty would at the same time be safeguarded from individual passions. For liberty pure (save in the philosophic sense of the will) had never existed; it had consorted almost always with the bad company of interest, privilege, envy, lust for power. The key to the enigma would be the establishment of equality before the law—something that was novel enough in those days. For all alike, to "make the punishment fit the crime," as Gilbert and Sullivan epitomized it; that was the whole sense of the English liberties which we have inherited. And so we have Montesquieu's realistic conception of civil liberty: "as security, or at least the opinion that we have security," from the domination of other men. And Rousseau's liberty consisted "in not being subject to the will of others; above all in not subjecting the will of others to our own."

The longing for equality led Rousseau further to conceive and champion his ideal republican state in the "Social Contract," wherein supreme sovereignty is handed over to all of the people, as a body, enfranchised—actually to the majority of the people. Political equality would remove the indignities, the chains, under which men had smarted for so long. This one man whose life had been an eternal search for liberty, urged us, astonishingly enough, to submit as individuals to the general will. "The general will is always right and always tends toward the public good!" With their eyes fixed upon the feebly corrupt ministers of despots, eighteenth-century thinkers affirmed their confidence in the common people. The people alone would know how to choose wise magistrates!

Political equality has long been ordained for us; it is our inheritance. The democratic institutions of which the eighteenth century dreamed have been with us for a century and a half; and many minds, bitterly undeceived, now turn from them in disgust.

The semblance of the republic, flourishing on the small, antique stage of Greece and Rome, or even of free city-states such as Geneva, is profoundly changed when it is roughly put on by colossal modern nations such as the United States and Russia. We become continually less aware of the functioning of popular government than of the increasingly harsh pressure of police. Those who still advocate liberty, old-fashioned liberals such as Mr. Everett Dean Martin and Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates, should ponder well over the indifference of the great mass of men nowadays to its blessings. Bravely sentimental, they fail to relate this whole change of heart to the momentous transition of society from the patriarchal-agricultural community to that of massive economic groupings about industries or urban centers.

Our recent social documents begin to compile the effects of this change: from "Babbitt" to "Men and Machines" and "Middletown," we have been told that Americans have tended to lose in individualism, to become uniform and herd-minded. Now from Mr. Bates's "This Land of Liberty," we perceive, if we have not already, that Americans are no longer politically intelligent as were the gifted Fathers of Federalist days. And through Mr. Martin, that liberty has been lost for this "society of the average man . . . the public eats up the man"; the crowd-will strangles the individual.

The *philosophes* and the encyclopedists of another day would have risen up in splendid indignation against whatever despot, church, aristocracy had bred these conditions. But for contemporary liberals there are no crowned despots, no hereditary aristocrats, no church wielding temporal powers, against whom their eloquence might stir the anger of the people. The sole tyrant is the sovereign crowd itself, imposing its tastes, passions, mass-rhythms on its individual members.

On nights when I have fled from Rudy Vallee at every street corner of a great city, or looked for repose in the darkened cinema—only to find that for miles and miles around, one was but permitted to view "Broadway Babies"—I have reflected on this one curious aspect of the so-called Machine Age: that the new universal spectacle, or comedy, which bored and revolted me was so plainly that which the children of the age desired; that nothing of my education, with its inherited eighteenth-century principles, gave me grounds for rebellion.

The dilemma of the liberal opposition in America is, then, twofold. First, *it is obliged to resist the majority, the vox populi, the great crowd which for two centuries it has enthroned as sovereign.* Second, *it is reluctant to resort to power or violence to gain its end, something which the crowd is always ready to use against dissenters and also liberals.*

Thus, the infinitely tolerant and liberal Mr. Martin cancels off his own plea for liberty. He will not even resort to legislation "for the removal of abuse." For, "to

exercise power over others through organization or group will is . . . to give yourself over to your organization or group, and lose power over yourself." It is as if to say: let us be tolerant of intolerance; let us turn the other cheek.

The characteristic trait of liberals nowadays is their disappointment at finding that the people care little for liberty, so long as they have a certain measure of prosperity, safety, equality. And certainly liberty is nearly dead, or more greatly reduced than ever in certain respects—while we may see everywhere a triumphant equality, distributed as seldom before in human history. The man of the filling station and the king of automobiles or radio have the same horizons, the same preoccupations; their discipline, their hours of toil, are the same; their pleasures are similarly the familiar drives on Sundays, the passive vigil before the universal receiving set in the same narrow house.

Clearly the spirit of the time departs from hallowed personal liberties. And no criticism of our political sins or shortcomings, no patchwork executed upon our democratic institutions can alter the facts and the force of the immense mechanization which has so transformed society and so visibly shifted the seats of power.

A certain atmosphere of idiocy which surrounds modern crowd-spectacles, upon occasions, has already frightened or exasperated some factions among us into urging a return to ancient systems of authority, discipline, culture. But those who believe that the human race never turns back to an old order have no faith in the New Reactionaries. And in restoring inequalities of one kind or another, these unfortunate men would still have the implacable masses against them.

If we are good determinists we may recognize the present obscure moment as one of transition to that which Dewey and Beard have called a "technological-rationalist society," a society which, developing, as it is hoped, a still more valid equality, must inevitably sacrifice the liberties of the individual. There is something ponderously fatal about such a transition; but if it results in order, enthusiasm, harmony, we will be content with our sacrifice. We will bear its rigidity as other races have.

It is our business, of course, to invoke new terms for the future order, as the outworn ones are given decent burial. For it is disgraceful to overhear how cynically the man in the street, the traveling salesman in his pullman, go on about the democracy. And it is also very bad for the national morale to have our little boys and girls in school prated to about liberty and democracy, merely that they may grow up to be more cynical still.

In "This Land of Liberty," Mr. Bates, by closing with a celebration of the younger generation of jazz, shows us his awareness of these distressing conditions:

> "Girls on a beach!" There is more reason to hope for aid from them than from all the solemn sermons. There is a new frankness, a new intellectual honesty abroad. The young comrades of both sexes . . . will make short work of many an old sentimentalism. . . . Theirs is the terrible beauty, the terrible sensual arrogance of youth; theirs is also a hard skepticism hitherto unknown to youth. They dance—are they dancing in the dawn of a newer, freer day?
>
> Listen more closely to their laughter; it is a little forced. They are gay, but a little too determinedly gay. . . . The mood is too much that of "After us, the deluge."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

A Portrait of Cowper

The Stricken Deer, or The Life of Cowper, by David Cecil. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 341 pages. $5.

IF WE DISCARD as irrelevant the very difficult question: Why should anyone want to write a life of Cowper? and take Lord Cecil's book as something to read, as something with which pleasantly to occupy the time; if we take it for granted that the noble lord has something interesting to say, we shall be rewarded with instruction and delight. The author has immersed himself in Cowper. He has fed his senses in Cowper. And he has been able, evidently, to settle himself for a considerable time in meditation upon Cowper.

So Cowper emerges gradually, as by a sleight-of-hand, into such a half-light of reality as would very well have suited his character. He appears a kind of gentlest Donne, half alive with a great deal of intensity; a man incapable of passion, but lost in affection; a man who could never escape himself in emotion, but who was yet the unrelenting victim of his feelings; a man given to transcendence, who had nothing to transcend. Altogether, he was a mild thing. Even his madness was mild, as his despair was occasional, his illness a perennial hypochondria. And being mild, he doted—doted all his life long upon a fictive image which he took to be himself.

This is the inside Cowper, the essential Cowper. On the outside, in action, we have a writer of beautiful Addisonian letters and dull poems, an exquisite companion to middle-aged ladies, a collector of house pets, something of a gardener, a spendthrift and, occasionally, a religious maniac much given to the indecipherable sin of the Holy Ghost. In short—and Lord Cecil makes a good deal of this—an English eccentric, an odd kink, a character, among a nation fertile in kinks and characters.

The life of such a man was naturally full of bewilderments, frustrations, and, because of his gentleness, his awkward helplessness in the face of difficulties, high social comedy. Lord Cecil has taken full advantage, in this respect, of some of the incidents with which Cowper's life provided him. The narrative of the affair between Cowper and Lady Austen, for example, and the delicate entanglements of that affair with the chaste liaison between Cowper and Mary Unwin, is admirably handled. Or there is the evocation of Cowper as the unwilling but sincere and intense preacher at the Reverend Mr. Newton's revival meetings.

We should be grateful to Lord Cecil that he has not, like Fausset in his book on Cowper, resorted to psychoanalysis and nerves; that he has preferred to be lucid, preferring history, sympathy and native insight into character to the ramifications of psychology without data and without materials. The result is that the "plain life" gives us a much clearer picture than does Fausset's frenetic study. It is a curious thing that plain narrative illustrated by common sense makes a better index to a difficult soul, at least when it is a dead man's soul, than any amount of psychological exploration, even though the latter goes deeper than the former.

Whether, in any case, the result is a veracious picture of Cowper does not very much matter. Cowper has very little importance either as a man or as a poet; the problems of his personal life, whether solved or unsolved, cannot help us much with the few passages of his verse which have preserved their life. What is important, in a biography of

this sort, is that we should be honestly amused; that we should come away from the book with some picture of human life, some addition to our store of legend. If such a book is fastened somehow to the corner of reality, that will be enough. So much Lord Cecil has provided, and a good deal besides in the way of information and anecdote relative to evangelical religion in the eighteenth century. The style is mostly gracious and easy, dropping only occasionally into sentimental fancy or the ecstasies of what is called interpretation.

R. P. Blackmur.

Humanizing Science

Man and His Universe, by John Langdon-Davies. New York: Harper and Brothers. 341 pages. $5.

Crucibles: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists, by Bernard Jaffe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 377 pages. $5.

The Great Astronomers, by Henry Smith Williams. New York: Simon and Schuster. 618 pages. $6.

Heaven and Earth: A Modern Astronomy, by Oswald Thomas. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 231 pages. $2.75.

Number: The Language of Science, by Tobias Dantzig. New York: The Macmillan Company. 260 pages. $3.50.

IT IS PART of the irony of things that science, which has affected so deeply the common conditions of life and thought, should be by nature most handicapped in the ability to communicate its message to the common man. Many a scientist has cursed the fate which has put a wall between him and his fellow human beings. "If you had only been a chemist and studied crystals!" Pasteur used to exclaim to his friend Chappuis—who was, alas! only a student of philosophy. The feeling of the scientist is reciprocated by the general public, who look at the scientist with a sense of dumb awe, as if he lived in another world. Sometimes, too, as in the case of Faraday with the mathematicians, it is the scientist who finds himself with an inferiority complex with regard to other scientists' formulations. It is almost in tearful terms that the discoverer of the dynamo wrote to Maxwell pleading for the humanization of mathematical physics. One wonders how Faraday would have reacted today to Heisenberg's matrix mechanics.

Science is, of course, not the only intellectual activity which is carried on by specialists under the social division of labor. Art, literature, religion, philosophy, in fact, all our creative intellectual activities, are carried on by individuals for the sake of the mass. But in all these activities there is a natural circulation of ideas from the individual to the mass and from the mass to the individual. In science, this social circulation of ideas, while never completely absent, is inevitably impeded by the degree of specialization and by the technical elaboration of concepts, which are among the constitutive characters of scientific activity.

There is thus a problem of the humanization of science. Science does not naturally humanize itself. It is well to recognize this. And it is also well to recognize that, though the problem exists, it is not insuperable—as indeed no human problem is insuperable. If there is a tremendous gulf between the specialized notions of science and the language and interests of the ordinary man, it is also true that it is not essential to fill this gulf completely or to make every man a scientist at one stroke. For a cultural understanding of the meaning and spirit of science, for an appreciation of its connection with all our other activities (and even for an appreciation of its lack of connection, which it is also necessary to know)—for these things it is not at all necessary to have a complete specialist's encyclopedia. There are any number of levels of selection, any number of vantage points from which highlights and essentials may be properly and truthfully chosen so as to contribute to a balanced cultural knowledge. The success of the program of the humanization of science, which has been undertaken so energetically in the last few years, will depend on the seriousness and integrity with which popularizers take their task, on their freedom from pandering to interests outside of their main task—and on the degree of coöperation which they get from the general public.

We turn from these general remarks to consider the books which have called them forth. Mr. John Langdon-Davies' "Man and His Universe" is an example of popularization at its worst. If the author is to be given credit for intelligence, then the book can be regarded only as a deliberate attempt to pander to cheap religious instincts by representing the history of science as a quest for God and for the solution of the riddle of human destiny. It does not in any sense contribute to a clarification of religious problems, none of which is considered on its merits; it merely titillates the emotions of the reader by parading the history of science and inviting his imagination to draw false metaphysical conclusions. Mr. Langdon-Davies says:

> The whole history of science has been a direct search for God; deliberate and conscious, until well into the eighteenth century, and since then unconscious, for the most part, because so much had been discovered about God by then that scientists began to think fit to change the name of the subject of their search. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz and the rest did not merely believe in God in an orthodox sort of way, they believed that their work told humanity more about God than had been known before.

This is not even a debatable thesis. Leaving out the name of Leibnitz, and also that of Descartes (whose work, precisely because it was philosophical as well as scientific, is not discussed by Mr. Langdon-Davies), it may be said that the thesis is absolutely false. None of the great founders of modern science ever donned the mantle of religious prophet or even attempted a complete philosophy. That their work had religious and philosophic repercussions is not to be denied, but that the motive of their work was to influence our ideas of God is far from true.

To support his astounding interpretation of science the author cites texts only from Kepler and Newton. But even in their case it may be said that no balanced analysis of their writings will support the view that they looked for God in their science. Mr. Langdon-Davies would have us believe that it was because Kepler became convinced that the sun was the dwelling place of God that he accepted the Copernican theory. Actually the passage cited is rather an argument in the style of the time to defend the Copernican theory, much as modern apologists for evolution argue that it is more noble to conceive of God as having created the earth in millions of years than in the seven days of Genesis. Newton in his old age did elaborate a metaphysics, in which God is made a sort of cosmic plumber, charged with winding up the mechanism of the universe whenever it runs down. But aside from the fact

that this metaphysics scarcely has the probative force that attaches to his scientific work, it is necessary to keep in mind that the metaphysical statements were literally tortured out of him by questions from outsiders. Indeed, what the metaphysics amounts to is that questions which Newton was unable to answer by means of his science (as, for example ,what kept the "fixed stars" from collapsing into the center of the universe under the influence of gravitation) were assigned by him in a perfectly orthodox way to God. But so far from seeking to discover a new sort of God by means of his scientific speculations, Newton was rather the typical English man of science, who kept his science and his religion in separate compartments and even wrote books on theology and the Apocalypse (which Mr. Langdon-Davies does not mention).

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It is quite fitting that, having started out by glorifying overbeliefs as more important than the scientific facts which engendered them, Mr. Langdon-Davies should end by disregarding the scientific facts altogether. Since the overbelief is the important thing, why, we can get as good an overbelief from a distorted scientific fact as from an accurate one. As the French proverb says, What matters the bottle provided I get drunk? And so, while in all the early chapters of the book the bare scientific facts are presented in a manner true to history and to science, in his final chapter, where relativity is discussed, the author does not even bother to find out what the scientific subject matter is about. Relativity is simply a "magic word" which connects the higher physics and changing moral standards. Under Einstein's portrait the author quotes from his own text this statement summarizing the significance of relativity: "Thus it comes about, fantastic though it may sound, that men lie with their neighbors' wives denuded of the last shred of guilty conscience because observations of Mercury's perihelion enabled Einstein to alter our ideas about space-time!"

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